TORONTO SATURDAY LIGHT.

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Around Town.

One of the most startling things during the past week was the pulpit confession of immorality made by a great Swedish preacher who was also a member of the morality party in the Scandinavian parliament. To the curious no more intricate problem could be presented than the internal tortures of this prominent man. Unable to longer endure the shame brought about by his self-accusation, he made public confession and resigned his charge.

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What would this world be like if everyone who has done a wrong thing were to make public confession of it? Would anyone be exempt? Is the policy of concealment better than that of confession? Have we not by tacit arrangement agreed to a policy of concealment? The result it seems to me is the covering over of society by a thin crust of pretentiousness. If the crust were a little thicker and the efforts to obtain concealment a little less formal, this veneering might be called hypocrisy. As it is, however, those only who deceive themselves have any great hope of deceiving others. The result, however, is bad. False standards are erected to be disregarded by everybody. We cannot see below the surface but we know that hidden away there is a great deal of wrong-doing, and we are sometimes led to imagine that it is a vast unfathomable ocean of iniquity. Concealment leads to suspicion, to untruthfulness both in word and action, and there can be nothing more disastrous than the result of a life which depends upon deceit to make it appear respectable. Having once adopted a policy of deceit there is nothing that a deceitful person cannot successfully conceal which he or she does not feel at liberty to do. Then if concealment is not only to be a national, but an international policy, what is to become of the old idea that man should walk uprightly and openly before his fellowman and his Maker?

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This policy of deception is a part, and a very large part of the method adopted by many good-living people who wish to set a good example to their neighbors. For instance, a prominent church member finds a glass of ale or a little whisky and water pleasant and comforting, but he believes that teetotalism is a good thing for the average man. At considerable sacrifice he conceals the fact that he ever takes "a little wine for his stomach's sake," lest his weak brother be made to offend. The gentleman who takes up the collection in the next aisle of the church finds it pleasant in the bosom of his family to have a little game of cards, but knowing that cards are a pitfall to others, conceals the fact that he knows an ace from a poker chip. The next sidesman perhaps is aware that going to the theater leads many young people into frivolous habits and dangerous company. With the best intentions in the world he stays away from the theater when he is in his own city, but feeling relieved from his duty as an example to the young he takes in the music, the theater, the opera, and the Jardine de Paris when he is abroad. Now everybody knows that these things are done, and believes that a concealment of some sort is a part of every man's good example. What is the result? We know but little, we suspect much. No one who is discovered in the smallest deceit is ever thoroughly believed in. Would it not be better if the world seemed a great deal worse? If what is, is generally believed to be no worse than it seems. These little deceptions, these little mysteries make an excuse for the practice of greater sins than would be generally forgiven. In fact, would not the world be better if it were honest? Would not society, the church itself be better if it were no worse than it pretended to be?

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Modern religionists accept creeds which are unacceptable; they gulp down doctrines which they cannot believe; they try to act and look and talk as if more pious than they are. What is the result? A great many people are led to believe that churchmen are not pious at all, and even the goodness which they have and the beautiful and world-preserving things they do are unappreciated. A monument erected to the memory of a man who never lived, to commemorate deeds which had never been done, intended to lead people to make an effort which had never been made, would be ridiculous. It would not be more ridiculous than the false standard, than the high-water mark of modern respectability and piety which is so obtrusively placed, and below which the whole tide of our goodness and our good efforts falls so conspicuously. We swash about beneath this brightly tinted sea of respectability and goodness, hiding our nakedness, bobbing up above the surface with a collar and neck-tie on and trying to make people believe we are clothed. Those who see us immediately put on a dickey and a shoulder wrap and bob up a little higher and bow to us, also carrying away the false impression that we believe that they are apparelled in fine raiment. I do not know how it would work out, but I think if the world were absolutely honest it would not be very far from being good. It is the absence of sincerity, the apparent necessity of deception that makes us all so much worse than we would be if we dare appear just as we really are.

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The defeat of the Parnellite candidate in Cork has declared to the world the real meaning of the anti-Parnellite faction of Irish Home Rulers. Poor Parnell is dead. He has expiated his sins; he expiated his social sins while he was in the flesh. Shorn of his greatness, stripped of his power, his heart as well as his shoulders bruised with the knout, he might well be forgiven. He has not been forgiven, his memory is being reviled and his friends spat upon. Why? For the same reason that he was crucified. Not that others were so very much better than he was, but that the priests might seize the sceptre that fell from the hands weakened by public scorn. When I say the priests I mean Protestant as well as Catholic priests. The priests and the Pharisees killed him, and with an astuteness which is a part of the clerical policy the priests of the Catholic church have sought to seize the power which Parnell wielded. They will never get it. The beginning of the end of their rule in Ireland can be seen and therefore easily foretold. The rebellion against priestcraft in politics has been begun in that priest-ridden country. The Parnellites may seem to be defeated, but the memory will not soon die of Charles Stuart Parnell; of what he did for Ireland, how he alone, "being far removed from the enervating influences of Rome," as Cæsar says in his first book, was able to make a brave fight uncontrolled by that clerical idea which when followed out makes a people willing to trade off their rights, their liberties, for a few favors of pottage given to a church which aims now, as it always did in the past, to direct both the political and religious conduct of its adherents.

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The election courts are revealing the fact that Liberals as well as Conservatives were very, very naughty about election time. So far more Liberals have been unseated than Conservatives, and even the political remains of Saint J. Israel Tarte floated out with the tide. I think it is very objectionable for the political newspapers to sneer, and joke and jeer over the results. They know perfectly well that bribery is a part of our political system, that there is not one out of a hundred elected to office who, if he knew he had obtained his position by means of personation, bribery, intimidation or any of the many methods adopted by partizans in heated moments, would resign his seat and say to the public: "Gentlemen, I find that I do not represent the unbought and thoroughly decent public opinion of my constituency, and while I believe that my opponent benefited quite as much as I did by unclean methods, I refuse to accept these dishonorable favors done me by those who considered themselves my friends." Talk about confessions! If politicians were, on the discovery of uncleanness, to make confession, we would have our general elections all over again. It is a question of being found out. It would be a shame to say so if it were not so absolutely true, or if indeed the truth of this condition of affairs were not admitted, but the fact that everything is considered fair in political war is the greatest disgrace of our politics and is the primary cause of the general corruption which makes political cleanliness and unspotted honor a laughing-stock.

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J. C. Rykert threatens to run against Gibson, the unseated member for Lincoln. Now here is an example of the policy of concealment and of petty fraud. William Gibson is a big-hearted, decent fellow. One of his supporters bought a vote, thinking to do Gibson a favor. Now Gibson is spotted over with the dirt of bribery, and Rykert—the notorious, the politically unclean—considers himself just as good as Gibson and thinks that he has been rehabilitated by the disgrace of a better man. Perhaps the people may forgive him his sins because somebody else has been caught in a petty transgression! It is thus that the reasonably good man and the very bad man have to run in the same race, the good one handicapped by the public idea that he is quite as bad as the other only he has not been thoroughly found out. Politics force small rivals upon large men.

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The *News* refers with a sneer to the "self-appointed gentlemen who have undertaken to provide Toronto with a mayor, etc." A newspaper with a commercial policy may afford to be large-voiced and witty while waiting to be communicated with by the Finance Committees of the probable candidates. The attitude of expectant derision may be the proper one for each journal to occupy, but cheap sneers at self-appointed gentlemen are not in order when ratepayers gather together without any selfish object which can be pointed out beyond the desire to be well governed and to procure the nomination of such men as they esteem worthy. If a ratepayer—the King in a Democracy—has no right to appoint himself as a proper person to go to a public meeting to look after his personal interests as an elector and that share of the public business which is his as an atom of the community, will the *News* be kind enough to tell us who should appoint the citizens to attend meetings called for the purpose of transacting public business? Are the "self-appointed" electors to be laughed at for meeting together for a public purpose while the "self-appointed" mayoralty candidates, men who are running because they have a selfish motive or are eaten up by their egotism, are patted on the back and praised for their modesty. The *News* can very well afford to treat this matter seriously! In no sense is the movement a joke, and if unworthy jests be made the public will be very likely to presume that the absence of dignity indicates the absence of other very desirable qualities.

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Mr. Osler's acceptance of the nomination pressed upon him was not only modest, but self-sacrificing. Not even those who wish to be fresh and funny can find the slightest indication that he desired the position. Everyone who knows anything about it is aware that he accepted with the greatest possible reluctance and that to attend to the duties of the office, if he be elected to it, he will have to sacrifice in time and money twenty times as much as he will get out of it. He is not a hand-shaker or a baby-kisser, and if he is elected it will not be the result of personal solicitation of votes or that molly-coddling of interests, that pandering to sectarianism, religious or racial, which ordinarily paves the way for a small man to a big place. If those who oppose Mr. Osler and the Citizens' movement will tell the people what they want and whom they want, they will doubtless be listened to with attention, but it will certainly be in very bad taste indeed for either newspapers or individuals to become facetious at the expense of men who are spending their time and money in an effort to do what they think is best. The movement began amongst seventy-five or a hundred business men, who got together on very short notice. Without desiring to make their meeting a class affair, they were only able to summon those to whom they were near and with whom they were acquainted. The desire of the committee has been to get a MOVEMENT started. They have no desire to control it or to prevent others from meeting together and impressing their views, making nominations or doing whatever they please. On the other hand, they are eager to co-operate with all those who desire the early dawn of a new era in our municipal politics. For my own part, I have not the slightest doubt that Mr. E. B. Osler will be elected. I base this belief on the good sense and anxiety of the people, not on his personal popularity, for as far as I can learn he has very little of it. On the general belief that his strong and aggressive nature, his wide knowledge of large affairs will help Toronto out of a very dangerous position, I am convinced that he is wanted. No evil can be said of Mr. Osler as a business man, and it is to be hoped that the same strength and bull-dog tenacity which have made him a successful and wealthy man, will help Toronto out of what may be mildly referred to as "a financial embarrassment."

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Mr. James Beaty, jr., Q.C., ex-Mayor, ex-M.P., has issued his address to the electors. He styles himself "The People's Candidate for Mayor," and to prevent himself being outdone by a rival, has included in his fifteen-planked platform every generality concerning an improved system of civic administration that a fertile brain and easy conscience could possibly compile. No ardent lover could make more vows than he has made, nor more earnest protestations than are included in his address. He promises pure government, pure finances, pure air, pure water, pure reforms, reformatories for drunkards, reformatories for juveniles, reformed assessments, reformed taxations, reformed local improvements, everything seizable in the heavens above or the earth beneath. If it were not that everything was so studiously indefinite, so unnegotiable, so arranged that nobody could sue on the contract, we might imagine the civic millennium to be nigh at hand; that, in fact, we now need nothing but the second coming of Beaty.

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The Prohibitionists were snowed under in the recent elections in the North-West. People do not mind humbugging for a little while; they will even pay to be humbugged for the sake of the laugh they may get out of it, but they will never permit a serious, self-satisfied humbug to exist very long. Prohibition in the North-West was the flimsiest sort of an affair. Police officers collected the money that should have gone to the municipal authorities, and bad whisky and high prices and the degrading practice of drinking "on the sneak" thoroughly disgusted the people. Now they will have a license law, and the sale of contraband whisky and its many evil results will be replaced by something which though perhaps not good in itself is infinitely superior to that which teaches the thirsty citizen to break the law.

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The Rev. Father Rooney's sermon to the unmarried, in St. Mary's church, last Sunday, was a stirring protest against the believer being unequally yoked with an unbeliever. He pointed out that while it was very bad for a Catholic to be married to a Protestant, it was much worse to be married to an infidel; that, in fact, such a union was not a marriage but an adulterous compact. This is the view of a great and historic church, but it is not the view of the powers in any country with the laws of which I have the slightest acquaintance. Nowhere can it be shown that marriage is a sacrament. It is a civil contract. The union of hearts, which is divine, which is the marriage made in heaven, cannot be consummated by priest or prelate, by preacher or magistrate. That marriage may take place, it may not. Of its existence or non-existence the world has no right to judge, but the world has a right to know that a civil contract, entered into according to law and lived up to in the manner defined by the statutes for such cases made and provided, has been entered into by those who claim to have been wedded. For the Rev. Father Rooney I have the highest esteem as a kindly friend, as a vigorous and pious servant of a great and good cause according to his light, yet I am convinced that much trouble might be prevented if those who marry were taught to look upon the contract of marriage as a solemn and sacred one, but as much a contract as any other agreement that can be entered into between man and woman, or man and man. For my own part, I am convinced that the man who promises a woman to marry her and thereby brings about an intimacy such as should exist only between husband and wife, is as much married to her—and will be until his death—as if a thousand priests had performed the ceremony. While it does not lack the moral force of a marriage it lacks the legal force, and only fools and passion's slaves tempt fate and court misery by being satisfied with it. This view of it has been taken in many countries, and the old Scotch marriage which made Gretna Green such a Mecca for runaway couples was based on the principle of a mutual agreement between a man and a woman unhindered by a previous contract or consanguinity to become man and wife, and this was legally effected by the simple declaration of their intention in the presence of witnesses. I think the moral force of such agreements and such conduct really consummates a marriage before God and men, and should not be weakened by the many provisions and the ceremonies insisted upon by some churches. There must be laws, and secular laws at that, to define what is a legal marriage, and those who disregard them cannot be relieved of the moral and legal responsibility of their transgression, but it would be impossible for any secular government to admit that the infidel cannot make a legal contract with a man or woman, or that a contract between a Protestant and a Catholic can be set aside by clerical authority, and it is the duty of every believer in our laws to protest against any such assumption, no matter by whom it is made.

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Albert Edward Prince of Wales has just turned fifty years old, and he has now been the heir-apparent for half a century—rather a long period of expectancy. Whatever his faults may have been, the Prince of Wales has been a typical Englishman, with probably no more vices than many others who have obtained high place by their own efforts rather than by the favor of noble birth. I can very well recollect when the British people feared that he might come to the throne before he had sowed his wild oats. Surely he is old enough now to be trusted, even if he does play baccarat occasionally. I noticed while in Germany that the citizens of that country were in the habit of sneering at our prospective king. After all, Albert Edward would be less dangerous to the peace of Europe and the prosperity of his people than is the young Kaiser. We no longer believe in the divine right of kings, but somebody has to be head of the affair somehow, and what we have a right to ask and what in the Prince of Wales we probably have, is a sensible, cosmopolitan gentleman who is very anxious to mind his own business and to interfere in public business only when he is asked.

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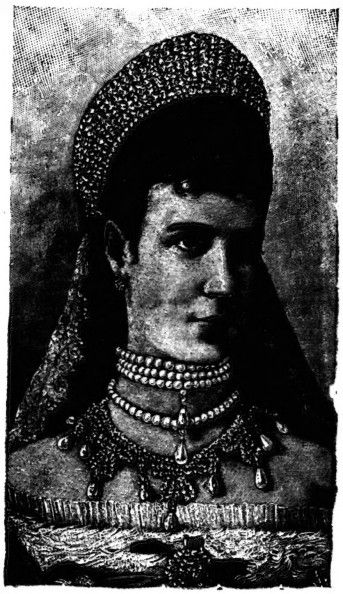
I notice the Metropolitan church was reopened last Sunday and that the event has been celebrated by a religious *fete* of considerable interest. Has it ever struck the Metropolitan church that the students may some time illustrate public opinion by pulling down that fence of theirs? In desire the people of Toronto have pulled down the fence several times. The day is not far off when the people will have the use of land surrounding churches and the taxation-rental of the land occupied by them. The exemption business has been overdone. I, for one, pay my subscription to a church that pays its taxes. Thus far I have my religious contributions under control, but I pay as well my proportion of the taxes of all the other churches in Toronto. This is an injustice. I am forced by law to subscribe to the Metropolitan Park, to which I am not admitted except I meander towards the church with a little silver in my pocket for the collection. I must pay my share of taxes for every denomination in Toronto, though I may have no desire to attend the services of any of them and am indeed opposed to



The Emperor and Empress of Russia

Whose Silver Wedding was celebrated at St. Petersburg on Monday.

the doctrines of many of them. The Hebrew, too, is a taxpayer. He pays on his synagogue and then he pays on the Christian churches. Nobody has a right to inflict this upon him. The man who does not believe in churches at all has a right to his disbelief—and an unfortunate thing for himself I consider that disbelief to be—but that is his business, not mine, nor is it the business of the city of Toronto nor of the Ontario Government, and any law which forces him to contribute to that which is no part of his temporal affairs and which he considers undesirable or unnecessary, is an act of tyranny.

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Our dear Mr. Chapleau, the leading gentleman in the sparkling and expensive comedy of "Hurrah for French Canada and Boodle," has at last settled himself down to more or less hard labor at the old stand. He has fought his bloodless French duel with Premier Abbott and his honor is satisfied. The oratorical eagle of Quebec has sharpened his claws and flapped his wings and soared away—and lit prosaically enough on "daddy's wood pile." What a grand and beautiful spectacle of wonderous patriotism this performance has been! How tragical and sentimentally beautiful was the resignation with a string to it! What glorious examples of statesmanship were the pilgrimages of Monsieur Chapleau to Montreal! What triumphal processions were those stately rides of the Secretary of State and a solitary friend in a one horse hack from the railway station to the kindly old Mr. Hogan's tavern! The performance throughout has been exceedingly impressive, grandly triumphantly funny, and the prettiest part of it is to see the lion of the tribe of the French-Canadian Judah with patches of skin knocked off his hips and a spavin on every political joint, lying down and breathing hard by the table of the Secretary of State.

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Perhaps it is wise of Premier Abbott to be conciliatory, yet I imagine he would have been wiser had he gotten rid of this "raging royal, Bengal tagger" right now. Had he been kicked out of the Cabinet there would have been a wild and roaring yelp, and that would have been the last of it. Now Mr. Abbott and the Conservative party may expect nothing but to nourish this badly hipped and predatory politician until it will pay him to make another howl, and it is not impossible that the next time selected may be more dangerous to the party and the country than was the last one.

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Thursday was Thanksgiving Day. I hope we all gave thanks. The gods have been good to us, even if we look as the Pagans looked at the emptying into our basket and store of the pleasant things which make life endurable, even if it be not delightful. As a Christian people believing in one God, in His love for us, in His beautiful exemplification of that love through which we were led to understand and more completely appreciate the law of love; and, again, in the bountiful harvest and in that which we have and have had, as well as that which has not afflicted us, we have great reason for thankfulness even though we wonder why we are here and for what reason this world and its people were planned as they were. Having been given the faculty of wondering, we all have a right to wonder at the rainbow and to grope—ineffectually no doubt—for a solution of life's problems. I do not think it inexcusable to ask questions as to why this world was made or its people were constituted as they are. I wonder, and I am not ashamed to own it, why I and my neighbor were born, why I should be thankful that I am not worse than I am or surprised that I am as good as I am, or that my neighbor is as bad as he is. It may be none of my business, and yet with the freedom to mind other people's business, which is one of the few pleasures of life, I wonder whether this world was created as an experiment, or if it is a toy thing to interest an infinite mind. No matter how it came about, we who know so little and wonder so much, have enjoyed a great deal and are presumably thankful. I may be pardoned if I am not ecstatic, but believing in good things and thoroughly impressed with the wondrous nature of divinity and of the creative power which brought us all here, I wonder and wonder and wonder, and wondering may scarce know how to be properly thankful. Trusting though in the law of Divine love, surely we need not be afraid.

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Professor Goldwin Smith lectured to the Young Liberals and led them to believe that annexation to the United States was inevitable. I do not believe he is right. The more I see of this learned and polished gentleman the more I regret that his wonderful power of expression, that his command of the purest and most convincing English had not been attached to some cause which might make every Canadian his friend. We have perhaps no reason to believe that his bump of approbativeness is smaller than that of other men. Writers such as he is, who have been given by common consent an eminent place, are as eager as other men are to become the leaders of a popular movement. Mr. Goldwin Smith, either from a natural inaptitude to discern the incoming and outgoing of tides controlled by laws and common to recurring seasons, has seen fit to occupy the position of the anatomist of the time. He has dissected the subject under discussion, has lectured upon what he has discovered, has been the doctor free to give to the people his diagnosis of every case and has apparently been careless as to the result to his professional reputation, of the opinions offered under so many varying circumstances. Perhaps among the many who have ventured to criticize him few have been less inclined than myself to view him as a literary scientist. He has never appealed for mercy or commendation; he has always expressed his opinion unmindful of the storm of criticism which might beat upon him. Now that he says that the sands of his life are running low, when he tells us that he will talk little, if any more, about these things, we begin to realize that we shall miss him and his opinion. I confess, for one, to a feeling of growing regret that we shall have no more chance to abuse this strangely constituted but brilliant man, and begin to realize the worth and sterling honor of that sensitive nature which may have been too easily influenced by the temperature of his surroundings. Yet we must admit that he has been a lighthouse, and his writings have been a brilliant beacon to the sailors of the inland seas of our politics. The light which flashes from the shore is not always a guide to port; it may be a warning of dangers threatening those who seek harbor afar off. Those of us who have so many objects to gain, so many ends to serve that while we devote ourselves to God and our country as best we must admit that our methods are not always above reproach should not be too ready to assail this lonesome and self-sacrificing man, who has never yet been discovered, even in the midst of the tumults which his critics have raised, to be engaged in anything selfish or sycophantic. Perhaps the best rule to apply to men whom we understand so little is to ask if our country, if the world at large would not be better if we had more of them, and in the case of Professor Goldwin Smith I think that the universal opinion would be that in private and public life we have had too few so worthy and so unselfish as he has been. I think we can all say this, though I am but one of the great majority who remain unconvinced that he is right.

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I confess to a sense of amusement when reading the indefinite editorial published in Wednesday's *World*, mildly approving of the Citizens' movement for the selection of a mayor, yet cautioning the people not to be hasty in their decision as to who is the best man for the place. While the *World* is doing the balancing we have all a right to inquire for what municipal Messiah they are waiting. It has not been the habit of grand municipal aspirants to thrust themselves forward at the last moment. If the organized citizenship of the town searching for the best man that can be prevailed upon to accept does not find a suitable person, are we to expect in the middle of November the voice of one crying in the wilderness and making straight the pathway of a suddenly born deliverer from our evils? The year has attained its majority; it is old enough to know what men may be hoped for. There are a few men, who, in the language of the old hymn, stand shivering on the brink, not quite sure whether they ought to become candidates or not. They can easily be pushed into the shuddering wetness, or they may be restrained. If they find newspapers ready to champion their cause at a reasonable expense, they will venture in. There is no use mincing matters; we know how these things are done. Men are selected occasionally to do a certain work, and their fellow-citizens almost force them to accept the task. This describes the movement for the nomination of Mr. Osler. Then again, there are citizens who select themselves for high places, and it becomes a question with them how to realize their desires. There there are so many newspapers ready for rivalry and an anxiety to turn an "honest" penny by becoming an advocate instead of leaders, leave some of them open to persuasion. This may be a proper attitude. Prudence in the selection of a candidate is always in order, but just where we stand now, with the reasons for a decided movement which we have now, with the fear that temporizing and tinkering may make bad matters worse, leave us but slight hope that a Moses shall be discovered in the bullrushes at the last moment and an infant prodigy presented to us by a newspaper princess who has been out fishing and got her hook caught on a basket. A reasonable time was allowed for the discovery of something unusual, and the Deliverer not having appeared the citizens have done their best to find a big, rugged, well informed and positive man. He may not be a success, but as compared with men who have been proven to be failures, he has all the chances in his favor. Much thought has been given to the selection; weeks have been allowed to elapse that the criticism of others should prevent a weak or improper nomination. Not a word of worthy criticism has been heard. It is not fair for the committee concerned to ask the newspapers to make an immediate decision! What is required is action. The newspapers that are staying outside waiting to make up their mind are proving themselves unable to cope with matters which require instant decision, and an editor who is not sufficiently alert and well grounded in his beliefs to decide at once, should not occupy a position where decision of character is necessary. This is not a time for drifting. The Moses found later in the season will be too young for the January elections. The selection must be made from those who have been found willing to lead. It is to be hoped that everyone will do his best to make this year's choice a worthy one.

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The picture afforded by the women in convict suits who risked their lives while trying to save sailors wrecked on East Indian islands, should soften our hearts towards those we imagine are far removed from the beautiful impulses of life. See the wrecked ship, the three hundred lives cast into the sea, the cyclone which made it almost impossible for anyone to approach the shore! Behold women from a convict settlement creeping beneath the rocks until they form a living life-line; see the line of convict suits stretching away down into the sea with the waves beating over them! Notice the hands supposed to be consecrated to crime stretched out and saving the men washed in by that wild and awful storm! No one was saved on the Andamin islands except those who were passed up from the waves by these abandoned women. Think not, O thou righteous woman, thou sinless man, that souls have not been saved, that an anchorage has never been found by the aid of the modern Magdalene. We have no right to believe that these women cannot be saved from themselves. The only fear established by a long and cruel precedent is that they cannot be saved from merciless men and their still more merciless sisters.

DON.

Between Dances.

She—Cupid is not in it as a marksman Goosey.

He—Why no', Angel!

She—He's always making Mrs.

Social and Personal.

In writing of Mrs. Cawthra's reception at Yeadon Hall last week, I quite inadvertently omitted to add the names of our Toronto singers, Miss Reynolds and Mr. A. E. Curran, to those whose music so charmed the crowd of guests. A duet, I Feel thy Angel Spirit, by these two artists was particularly deserving of the pleasant things said about it.

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Delightful afternoon teas have lately been given by Mrs. Arthur Grassett of Simcoe street, Mrs. Mortimer Clarke and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer. The last mentioned was in honor of Mr. Barrington Foote. At Mrs. Grasset's tea Messrs. Grier & Blackwood were kind contributors to the pleasure of the guests, by their harmonious selections.

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The Harmony Club have unanimously elected Mr. Albert Nordheimer as their president for the coming season. Mr. Nordheimer has earned this consideration by his earnest and successful supervision in the past.

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The marriage of Miss Birdie Taylor and Mr. A. Dover is announced to take place shortly.

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Toronto society has been represented at the Grand Opera House in a more complete and ample manner than probably at any previous week in the history of the theater. Both on and off the stage well known faces and beautiful forms have smiled and moved. A partial list of the visitors to the Ben Hur performances would include almost every name known in the fashionable circles of our city. It suffices to say that in a literal sense, "everyone" was there, either as performers or spectators. I was particularly struck with that part of the programme which showed me twenty-four young ladies, "divinely tall and most divinely fair," in their classic robes, Greek knots and *bandeaux*, impersonating priestesses of Diana. They alone, without the score of other buds and blossoms who made bright the stage, would have nobly upheld the claim of Toronto to be the home of the handsomest girls in Canada, as Montreal proudly boasts of containing the finest-looking men. The dramatic editor has the easy task of criticizing the performance of the principals in this great spectacle. For my part, as society editor, my heart was gladdened by the pleasant assurance that even when our Nialds and gondoliers shall have gone the matrimonial way of all feminine flesh, we shall not be at a loss to fill their places from the ranks of those sweet girls and pretty little ones who in their turn brought down the house with their arch and accurate movements. One would be afraid of turning the golden head of Miss Dottie Lamont with unstinted praise, but that those who know her best are aware that unusual wisdom and lack of vanity dwell under her silken tresses. She made an ideal butterfly queen, and performed her *pas seul* with a child-like unconsciousness of effect and an earnest wish for perfection that charmed the most critical observer. As for the tots who fluttered as butterflies and hopped as blackbirds, they were too cute and taking to be described in black and white. One needs to see to believe what training and tact can accomplish with very wee women. The little ones are all attracted to their teacher, Mr. Palmer Kellogg, by his winning and capable ways, and one small blackbird assured me that she'd like a similar performance to take place once a month. But I fancy by this time she and her less enthusiastic elders will welcome a good rest from unusual labors.

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Miss Marjorie Campbell will receive on Wednesday afternoon next, from five to six o'clock.

*

The wedding of Dr. George McKenzie and Miss Lizzie Martin, as announced some weeks ago, took place on Wednesday last at three o'clock, in the Dunn avenue Presbyterian church, Parkdale. The Rev. R. P. McKay officiated. The bridal gown was of cream white corded silk, with a dainty *chiffon* trimming, regulation tulle veil and orange blossoms. Miss Lizzie Burns of Simcoe street was maid of honor, and wore white China silk, with Gainsborough hat and bouquet of chrysanthemums. The two bridesmaids, Miss Clarissa Martin and Miss Ellie McKenzie, were dressed in frocks of pink cashmere, with *chiffon* hats and pink roses. Dr. McGorman, of St. Mary's, was best man, and Drs. Thomas McKenzie, Cane and Cleghorn performed the duties of ushers. The bride and bridegroom will make their home in Concord, a town a short distance from San Francisco. A number of friends tendered their congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. McKenzie at a reception given at the bride's home, 135 Dunn avenue, and many choice and *recherche* gifts testified further to the good wishes and esteem of their friends here and elsewhere.

*

I understand that St. Andrew's church, King street, has been fortunate enough to secure the services of Mrs. Huycke Garratt as principal contralto for the choir.

*

Mrs. Henry Price, of Sussex avenue, had a small and select party of old Quebec friends to meet her cousin, Mrs. Archibald Macdonald. Among those invited were Mrs. Montizambert, Miss Walker, Mrs. Robin and others.

*

The West End Dramatic Club has been organized, with Mr. W. H. Holland as president. They are busily rehearsing a small drama, and an enjoyable entertainment is looked for in the near future.

*

Mrs. Greville Harston was at home to a few friends on the afternoon of the 6th. Among those present were the Mesdames Macdonell, Peterson, Garratt, Leigh, L. E. Leigh, Robin, Lindsay, and the Misses Brown, Pechell, Macdonell, and others.

The forthcoming concert in aid of the Victoria Home for the Aged, Lakeview avenue, promises to be most attractive, Mesdames Cawdwell, Garratt, Peterson and Blight, with other artists, having kindly promised their services during the evening. The Dufferin Glee Club will also add some numbers to the programme, and Mr. Bromley Davenport will give one or two of his delightful recitations. There will be a magic lantern during the afternoon for the children, with a musical entertainment for their elders from some of the white-capped maidens of the Suisse Cafe Chantant. The concert is advertised for November 24, in Ossington Hall, 220 Dundas street.

*

Miss Fowler of Kingston is at present visiting her aunt, Mrs. Reesor, Ingleneuk, Rusholme road.

*

The children of St. George's Sunday School, assisted by friends, had a very succesful entertainment on Tuesday last.

*

The Misses Trimmingham of Bermuda are staying with Mrs. W. Goulding, 67 St. George street.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson of Winnipeg are at present visiting their daughter, Mrs. W. H. Holland, Soudan villa, Rusholme road.

*

On Thursday, Nov. 5, the Humane Society held a largely attended meeting in their rooms, 105 Bay street. The members were delighted to welcome Mrs. Wood on her return from England, and listened with much pleasure to her interesting address on the society's work there.

*

A very pleasant evening was spent last Monday at a small party given by Mrs. Souter of St. Joseph street for her niece, Miss Ramsay of Orillia.

*

Perhaps no event in London society for many years has caused so much excitement and pleasure as a fancy ball, given by Mrs. Anderson of Walmington House, last Tuesday night. Her spacious house was thrown open to over two hundred guests. The first flat was entirely devoted to the dances; on the second flat sitting rooms were to be found for those who wished to play cards, and cozy corners with "dim religious lights" for couples who wandered "far from the madding crowd." The third flat was devoted to supper rooms, and here towards midnight a brilliant stream of court ladies and gentlemen, Portias, Othellos, Greeks, Arabs, Cinderellas and fair Evangelines wended their way up the handsome winding staircase. Decorations of flowers and bunting were everywhere to be seen. The hostess was magnificently dressed, a court train of olive green velvet over a satin petticoat trimmed with pale green chiffon, square-cut corsage, veil fastened with diamond comb, ornaments diamonds and topaz, representing a court lady of the Nineteenth Century. Many of the costumes were striking, those which I noticed most being The Pink Dominoes, The Gipsy Queen, Little Miss Muffit, The Last Rose of Summer, Sweet Evangeline, A Gainsborough Beauty,—we are loyal but must men on The Stars and Stripes—A Highlander, The Headsman, A Hungarian Noble, Ben Hur, A Henry VIII. courtier with doublet and hose of black and gold was particularly handsome, and The Policeman was inimitable. Guy Fawkes failed to put in an appearance though it was decidedly his night to "get there." Amongst the invited guests were Col. and the Misses Smith, Capt. and Mrs. Wadmore, Capt. and Mrs. Young, Capt. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Hellmuth, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Harris, Mr. and Mrs. W. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. J. and the Misses Macbeth, Mrs. Michie, Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. H. Carling, Capt. and Mrs. Hudson, Mrs. and Miss McDonough, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Pennington, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Bucke, Mrs. E. Bucke of Sarnia, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Bayly, Miss E. Bayly of Toronto, Miss A. Macbeth, Miss D'Espard of Toronto, the Misses Labatt, Mrs. Menburn of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. L. Mallman and Miss Anderson, Dr., Mrs. and the Misses Moore, Miss Quita Moore, Miss McWhinney, Mr. and Mrs. Glass, Mr. and Mrs. E. Cleghorn, Dr. and Mrs. Going, Miss McLimont, Miss L. Westcott, Miss N. Harris, Miss Parke, Miss Rock, Mrs. Shanley, Miss Kibbe, Miss Otto of Buffalo, Mrs. and the Misses Hutchinson, Mrs. McCuaig of Woodstock, Major Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. Brown Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. Macfie, Dr. and Mrs. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Barker, Messrs. Graydon, Kilgour, Meredith, Cooper, Smith, Macdonell, Johnson, Ball, Ryott, Compl'n, Cronyn, Rush, Harrison, Nob'e, West, Jones, Gunn, Stevenson, Furness, Gordon, Scatcherd. Dancing was kept up till after three o'clock in the morning, to the sweet strains of the harpists.

*

Miss May Armstrong took the place of one of the Blackbirds, who could not dance in the Ben Hur performance this week, and on Monday night Mr. Noble took the part of Melchior in the absence of Mr. Meredith.

A social event of more than usual importance occurred this week at the residence of Mr. T. H. McMillan, Oshawa, when his daughter Lillian was married to Mr. Fred. Cowan, son of Mr. W. F. Cowan, mayor of the town and president of the Standard Bank of Canada. Rev. Mr. Talbot, rector of St. George's church, performed the ceremony in presence of the immediate friends of the contracting parties. The bride's sister, Miss McMillan, was bridesmaid, while her brother, Mr. Harry

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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For a Modish Bride.

THAT a bride is not a bride unless gowned in the orthodox white, her head crowned with orange blossoms, and over all a white veil, is invariably the conclusion of every well regulated young woman who contemplates standing before the altar. Tradition and preference uphold the charming custom, and may it survive the iconoclastic period. Silk, satin, velvet, muslin and crepe are the materials from which a choice for the wedding gown may be made. Satin and velvet, particularly the latter, have at the present writing yielded their place in the popular preference to silk—either plain of the different weaves or gorgeously striped—and brocaded muslin has its virtues; but let not the heedful damsel who proposes at some future date to put her wedding gown to practical uses, be deceived by a thought that the muslin is both cheaper than the silk and more susceptible to future usefulness. The white shoes to be worn with the wedding gown had best be the white *suede*, high heeled, pointed slippers, decorated with closely laid bands of narrow white silk ribbon that run in bars across the soft leather. These slippers can, if on any future occasion one puts them to use, be repeatedly cleaned and whitened, and the five dollars laid out in purchasing them does not seem an empty expense. Three yards of fine white silk tulle is the amount necessary for an ample veil, one that falls to the knees in front and to the tip of the train at the back. $1.75 per yard is the price of excellent tulle.

Next in importance to the wedding-gown is the one every bride must prepare to travel in, if a wedding journey is arranged for; or, in any case, one for which she must exchange the bridal finery when about to leave the paternal roof. This going-away costume is usually the one destined for future use as a calling toilet. For an autumn wedding this frock is most sensibly of camel's-hair, ornamented with braid and silk and made over silk foundations. The wrap to be carried with this need be no more than a coque-feather boa, without which a woman's wardrobe seems nowadays quite incomplete. This suit complete, with bonnet, gloves of white kid stitched with black, and boa, is a toilet that is able to render long and faithful service, and one that the bride's critical friends will regard with admiration, not unmixed with envy.

For at-home use the following costumes are absolutely needed: A cashmere morning wrapper to wear before and at breakfast, in case one does not wish to make a complete morning toilet; a bath-robe, which if properly made, is also suitable as a dressing-gown; a cashmere dressing-sacque; a tea-gown; and a morning dress. The morning-wrapper should be of cashmere in some light color, and trimmed with ribbon and a little lace. The Watteau pattern will for this purpose always retain its popularity, as it combines the virtues of adaptability to all figures and is graceful and wonderfully comfortable. In the shops a pretty wrapper of the above style can be had for a reasonable sum. The body of these wrappers is lined with white cambric; handsomest ribbon is used in the trimming, and a fine quality of cashmere is employed. A bath-robe of a new crepe goods, woven of silk and wool, should be padded lightly with cotton and lined inside with China silk. This crepe, which is for sale in the larger drygoods shops, or depots of Japanese manufactures, can be bought in solid colors or prettily figured in Japanese designs, and if the robe is made up on the pattern of a *Kimono*, a quaint and comfortable little costume is contrived. Of French flannel, cashmere, or China silk the dressing-sacque can be fashioned. It should reach halfway to the knees, be caught together in front at throat and waist with bows of ribbon amid a frill of lace, and have full sleeves and low collar.

A tea gown is absolutely indispensable to a woman who, living in town or country, expects to entertain feminine friends around the afternoon tea table. China silk is too soft to be made up for this gown, which must be at once graceful, dignified and elaborate. Bengaline and surah are the materials to select from, and for richness of effect, not to speak of its durability, the bengaline stands first. In gray-green, old-rose, old-blue, and golden-brown, solid colors, this silk is entirely charming, and when combined with lace and gold or silver braiding, the result is quite delightful. The *broche* bengaline is fully as tempting and not more costly. That at $1.50 is quite good enough, and if the collar, cuffs, and perhaps skirt trimming of the gown are of ready-made gold braiding, great elegance of effect is attained. The tea gown is, of course, made with fully as much elaboration as a complete dress. It must be lined throughout, faced stiffly about the bottom, supplied with a lace under ruffle, and worn always with a careful arrangement of hair, jewels, a fan, and delicate slippers.

The morning house-dress should be of some dark and unobtrusive material, rather severe in cut and pattern; with it can be worn neat embroidered collar and cuffs, and a couple of bright silk blouses may sometimes vary the severity of the plain cloth basque.

These hints are for the delectation of the fall and winter bride, and ought to ensure comfort and elegance to the young hostess during the hours she passes in the delightful and novel position of the presiding genius of a spick and span new home.

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A wise man once said: "When a man tells the world he is worth nothing, the world always takes him at his own valuation." But that remark won't work with the assessor.

Ashamed.

"What a beautiful red that rose is."

"Yes—it's probably blushing at the price they ask for it."

A Day.

For Saturday Night.

Low, whispering winds from sylvan groves
Arise and sweep the meadows green;
The sun, noon-high, his shining rays
Lend to the earth a golden sheen;
Dark shadows creep across the wood,
In waving, dreamy soft advance,
While from the distant hazy mount,
The pine sighs gently in its might.
Light as the down from thistle gray,
The clouds drift o'er the azure sky,
Soft on the scene falls Nature's hush,
Sweet is the breeze that passes by.

BERT KELLY.

First Burglar—I guess this is the wimmin's apartment, Jim!

Second Burglar—Then take my advice and keep out. There ain't no fun robbin' a woman, she screams so like blazes. It 'pears ter me that wimmin folks ain't got no regards fur no one's feelin's but their own!

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THE stock of black silks wants nothing in its completion. We shall give you a memo. of some lines and some prices, which you may take as an index of how the stocks and prices run all through.

Black Gros Grain, 55c.
Black Gros Grain, 22-inch., 65c.
Black Gros Grain, 85c., $1 25, $1 50.
Black Peau de Soie, 85c., $1, $1 25, $1 50.
Black Faille, 75c., 85c., $1, $1 25
Black Bengaline, $1 $1 25, $1 50
Black Broche, 75c., 90c., $1, $1.25 $1 50.
Black Surahs, 25c., 50c., 60c., 80c., $1.

The values are marked values all through the stocks, but mention may be made particularly of the 85c. gros grain silk in black. 'Twould be low price at $1 25. You may expect colored silks to be as perfect in the range as blacks. Evening silks are in demand now.

Broche, evening shades, 65c., $1, $2 75, $3.
Faille, evening shades, 90c.
Bengalines, evening shades, 85c., $1.25.
Colored Pongora, 21 inch, 30c.
Colored China Silk, 25c.

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THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER XIV.

FIRE AT THE CONVENT.

Everyone who has passed through a period of great mental anguish will at some time or other during it have experienced the strong, impulsive desire to numb, if only for a very brief while, the acute agony by physical exhaustion. It swept in upon me with more than common force after Neilson's sudden arrival, and on the first day of the three for which I had bargained with Monsieur de Feurget. Nor was I long in yielding to it. Early in the morning I left the hotel, and setting my face inland I commenced to walk away from the fashionable little watering place as though my one object in life was to get as far away from it as possible. By noon time I must have traveled fifteen miles, and faint with heat and exhaustion, and half choked with dust, I was glad to rest for a while in a wayside cottage, and accept such timidly proffered hospitality as its peasant occupants had to offer.

They gave me coarse bread and new milk, the best they had; and I took it gratefully, for my throat was parched, and I had not breakfasted. The children crawled round my knees, staring up at me out of their coal-black eyes in unrestrained curiosity, and although I pretended not to hear I caught more than one remark which passed between the parents which left no doubtful sanity of "these strange English." When I was cool I offered them a coin, which I had much trouble to persuade them to accept, and I stepped out again into the broad white road.

Far away in front of me was a long line of dark hills, and after a moment's hesitation I set out towards them. The afternoon sun was blazing down upon me with a pitiless heat, and my feet sank noiselessly into a thick carpet of white dust. The road along which I walked was treeless and hedgeless, and on either side was a flat expanse of vineyards and burnt up pasture land. More than once I felt the my temples throb and my head swim with the burning heat, but I walked steadily on, heedless of the pain. After what I have been suffering this was nothing. I rather felt inclined to welcome any physical discomfort—anything which would blot out for a while the dull agony of mental weariness.

As I approached the hills which I had vaguely fixed upon as my destination, their appearance became more inviting. Deep olive groves, which were waving upon their slopes, empurpled with vineyards and plantations of broad-leafed, deep green trees, which seemed to my fevered limbs sweetly suggestive of coolness and shade. I could see no houses save one, a long white building of irregular shape, half hidden by the trees which surrounded it. By a side was an older building which I judged to be a chapel, and soon I was sure of it, for when at last I had reached the summit of the first of the hills, and had thrown myself down under the shade of a little knoll of rosy-budded lime trees, I heard the soft chiming of a bell, and almost immediately afterwards a little procession of plainly robed women passed two and two from the house into the chapel. Then the bell ceased and there was silence again.

I drew a long sigh of contentment, and stretched my tired limbs out upon the smooth turf. In some measure I had obtained what I had sought—peace. Below me stretched a landscape beautiful in no special feature, and yet impressive from the very stillness and peace and absolute quiet which seemed its chief characteristic. The declining sun had lost its fiery heat, and was casting a soft, subdued glow upon the peaceful scene; the air was still and clear, and the busy toilers had gone from the spreading vineyards and fields. At my feet was the half ruined old chapel, with its weather-beaten cross standing out vividly against the evening sky; and presently from the open doors, there came the faint, sweet sound of women's voices chanting the Ave Dei, the sound rising and falling on the bosom of the gentle breeze like the music of an Æolian harp. It died away, and there was silence. Then more distinctly there floated up the strains of the evensong at the close of the service. I raised myself on one elbow to listen, and when at last it ceased, I remained watching the dark figures issue slowly from the chapel and after a little hesitation and sauntering as though to breathe in some of the sweetness of the evening re-enter the house. When the last one had gone, I leaned back again, but I still felt no inclination to move. The spot where I was had a charm for me.

Slowly, very slowly, the brilliant streaks of colors, which the after-glow from the sunset had left in the western sky, faded away, and the shades of twilight commenced to fall. Soon the more distant parts of the landscape became indistinct, as the rugged vaporous phantoms were floating about across them, leaving only peeps like patchwork of the trim fields and more irregular, wine clear figures. A slight dampness hung about in the air and below in the valley, and about the sides of the hills white clouds of mist were slowly gathering. One star looked out from the clear, violet sky, and the shape of the horned moon became more distinct. It was time for me to rise and go.

Slowly I staggered to my feet and stretched my tired limbs. One more lingering glance around and I must go. I knew not where, I knew not where. I listened for a moment to the far off barking of a disturbed farm dog, and I watched an owl circle slowly around a little pigeon-house below, uncertain where to roost for the night, and uttering strange, phantasmal cries. I gazed steadfastly for a minute or two at the rugged cross, which was so placed that from where I was it stood always out in bold relief against the clear sky, and my thoughts dwelt for more than a minute on the life communion of simple-minded, zealous women, who had preferred the safety of seclusion and the life of contemplation and reverence, to the thousand joys of the outside world. Then I glanced from the chapel to their abode, and my eyes, which had sought it carelessly enough, became suddenly fixed and I felt my heart beat faster. What was that brilliant glow of red light in one of the high, painted windows? It might have been the last fierce glow of a summer sunset; but the sun had set long ago! No moon, no lamp could give such a light. I watched it for a second, and then I gave a wild cry and leaped forward with all my pleasant of my weariness gone; for out of the window, and up into the dark sky, had shot a long forked flame, followed by a cloud of smoke. It was fire!

CHAPTER XV.

A DESPERATE CLIMB.

In my college days I were more than one cup for cross country running and hurdle jumping, but I am very sure that I beat every previous record in my wild descent towards the burning house. The hedges that I could not clear I leaped through, trusting to my weight to break them down, and my feet seemed scarcely to touch the skim-ning ground as I tore down the hill. But notwithstanding my haste, long before I reached my destination the silent night was made hideous by the shrieks of terrified women—some flying from the house, others standing helplessly at the window, wringing their hands and dazed with fear. It was an awful scene, a scene which no pen or pencil of a painter or the pen of a writer could never adequately portray. Many years have passed since that night, but I carry the memory of it still fresh and vivid in my mind. The fire was on the second storey, where apparently the sisters had been seated at their evening meal. Some had promptly rushed downstairs and had got clear of the house altogether; others, slower or more timid, had delayed until the staircase had caught fire and it was too late. There they stood at the window, shrieking and convulsed with fear, some kneeling, some rushing wildly backwards and forwards seeking other means of escape, and behind them the dried glow of the fast approaching flames. I reached the shrubbery, and bounded across the lawn. On the walk, his white hair streaming in the wind, and tears of impotent pity streaming down his face, was the old chaplain. I caught him by the shoulders and shook him in my excitement.

"Is there no ladder?" I cried in French.

"Ah! the ladder!" he exclaimed. "In the tool-house. This way, this way."

I hurried on before him to the shed towards which he had pointed. Leaning against it was a ladder of moderate length. I snatched it up and ran back.

With beating heart I reared it against the wall. Alas! it was fully a yard too short. A little cry of disappointment burst from the lips of the trembling little group when they saw the topmost rung out of their reach.

"Courage," I cried, "courage. Stand away from the window. I am coming to you."

There was breathless silence. I ran up the ladder swiftly, and poising myself for a moment on the topmost rung, stooped down and leaped into the window ledge.

There was no time to lose, for the far wall of the long apartment was already in flames, and the smoke and heat were stifling. The little knot of the little crowd of women by the arms and held her suspended out of the window until her feet touched the ladder. Then hanging out of the window I gave her my hand until she had fairly commenced the descent, and directly she was out of my reach I turned away for the next.

One by one they were saved. Their behavior made a deep impression upon me. There was no struggling—no desire to push one in front of the other. They took their turn quietly, praying on their knees until it came, with half closed eyes and calm faces lit up by the lurid flames which every moment drew nearer to them. The last of the slight child, who felt like a baby in my arms, and as she was stunned and dazed by the smoke and heat, I wrapped her arms around my neck and descended with her.

It was a strange sight on the lawn. Many of the people from the neighbouring villages arrived, but there was no fire engine nor any chance of any, and nothing could be done to quell the flames. There they all stood in little groups, the women so free from danger was over weeping and terrified at their strange position and the loss of their homes. Suddenly there was a hush, followed by a deep agitated murmur. Then one of the women close to my side who, up to now, had maintained her self-command and had been striving to comfort her more distressed companion, suddenly caught hold of my arm and with the other pointed to the window of the room which they had just quitted.

"Sister Agnes," she cried! "Mother of Jesus, save her!

There was a moment's silence, and then a succession of piercing, heart-breaking screams from the frenzied women. Every eye was riveted upon the window, my own included, and a thrill of horror passed through me. Standing perfectly still, her calm, sweet face, with its coils of gray hair, brilliantly illumination by the rolling flames which were fast creeping towards her, was a tall, stately looking woman, with her arms and face stretched up towards heaven as though in silent prayer.

They crowded around me, weeping, wringing their hands, and pouring out passionate appeals. They went on their knees, crying to me to save her, and like a flash I felt all the weariness and stiffness pass away from my limbs. I rushed towards the window, hastily reared the ladder, and ran up it. But, quick though I was, I was too late. When I stood on the topmost rung the flames leaped out, scorching my face and hair, and through the clouds of smoke I could see that the room was empty. I tried to leap through the casement, but the belching flames and thick volumes of smoke drove me back. I was stunned, too, I should have tried again but for another cry below. I stole a quick glance downwards. The dark lawn was studded with the kneeling figures of the black-robed sisters, their ghastly faces upturned, some praying, some with their arms stretched out wildly towards the glowing sky. Their eyes seemed turned all in one direction above my head. I descended swiftly, drew the ladder away from its dangerous position, and stood with them.

I looked upwards, and a cry burst from my lips. By some means she had reached the roof and was standing there with one arm embracing the rugged cross, and with the other stretched out towards us in an attitude of farewell. At first we could see only her outline, a dark clear figure standing out like an exquisite piece of statuary against the sky. But while we stood there motionless and breathless, half with fear, half with a sort of awed reverence, the red flames leaped upwards, casting a golden shower of glittering sparks almost to her feet, and showing us with a lurid intense distinctness the calm sweet face glowing with spiritual beauty, as though the near approach of death had brought down the angels to bear her in their own. There was no fear, no shrink ng, no signs of dread at the hideous fate which seemed about to enfold her. Nothing but perfect peace, perfect contentment.

The first impressions of her saint like appearance died away, and the death like silence was broken by the sound of hysterical weeping and cries of agony. For my part, I felt a fierce resolve leap up within me, and my body seemed filled with fresh vigor and energy. Stand by and see her die I could not. God forbid! But how to save her!

A strange determined calmness had come over me. All excitement seemed to have passed away from me. My brain was as active and vigorous as my body and equally under control. It was the last stage of desperation.

I strode to the little huddled group of weeping women, and called sternly out to them.

"Listen to me," I cried, "and I will save her."

There was an intense hush, and full of quivering eagerness every face was turned towards me.

"I want a coil of rope," I said, speaking rapidly to the chaplain who was standing by my side. "I saw one in the tool shed."

He hurried away and brought it to me. I tied one end round my body and made a slip-knot at the other. Then I reared the ladder against the extreme end of the blazing building and mounted it to the topmost rung.

When I reached it I found myself still twenty feet from the roof. Turning round I pulled up the rope, and as I did so the low, fervent prayers of the group of kneeling figures below reached my ears, even above the roar of the fire and the crash of falling timber. Then, holding the slip-knot in my hand, I called out to the woman above.

With a lingering reluctance which made me quiver with impatience, she unlinked her arm from the cross and advanced to the edge of the roof. I stood up holding the slip-knot in my hand, ready to throw it to her, and to speak, my tongue and arm alike seemed paralyzed. I forgot the ravenous flames which were creeping on towards us, the hideous skin upon face and hands, and bathing us both in a warm, rosy glow. I forgot that death, with all its vague uncertainties and attendant horrors, stared me in the face. I forgot that delay was second by second making my task more difficult and increasing our peril. The flames crept on, and the thickly rolling smoke bespangled with blazing sparks and pieces of timber, curled above our heads, aiding us from the watchers below. I looked into her sad, calm face, full of strange beauty, and I forgot all there. One thought only burned within me, with a fire compared with which the more material one seemed as nothing. The face looking into mine was no strange one to me. Altered and aged though it was, I recognized it like a flash. She who stood there was the woman whose photograph I had found in the keep at Clanavon Castle.

Dizzy with the great shock, I reeled and almost fell. She saw it, and leaned over the stone parapet silent but horrified. I recovered myself with a desperate effort and our eyes met. Then I knew that she, too, recognized the likeness to a familiar face.

I heard her quick gasp for breath, and I saw the wild light leap into her eyes, and a sudden spasm chase the spiritualized calm from her face. She leaned over till it seemed as though she must have fallen, and her lips moved slowly. But the words she spoke were lost in the roar of the approaching flames.

I threw the slip knot up and it fell on the roof. But she made no motion to take it, nor did she remove her eyes from my face.

"Take it," I cried, "quick!"

She did not move. I cried to her again more imperatively than before.

"Take it and fasten it to the cross!"

Still she did not speak or withdraw her wild rapt gaze from my face. I loosened my hand and hung backwards suspended in mid-air.

"Do as I tell you or I will fall," I cried. "I am here to save you. A moment's delay and we shall perish."

She started backwards when she saw my peril, and did as I had bade her.

"It is firm?" I cried, for the smoke had encircled the cross and I could not see.

She came to the edge of the parapet and waved me away.

"Leave me here," she cried. "I wish to die."

For answer I let my feet quit the ladder and hung suspended by the rope. Hand over hand I pulled myself up, until I stood at last by her side.

The flames were at their height, and the smoke had abated. Above and around us the sky and air were fiery red, and the face of every person on the ground below seemed bathed in light. We stood side by side struggling and gasping for breath in the heated atmosphere. In her face there was still that look of awed wonder, but it had softened now, and the horror had died away from it.

"Who are you?" she whispered. "Tell me—"

"I have come to save you, Sister Agnes," I cried. "Quick!"

I undid the rope from my own body and wound it around hers. She sought to stop me, but I pushed her hands away.

"I would rather die," she answered. "Leave me here and save yourself. But tell me first who you are."

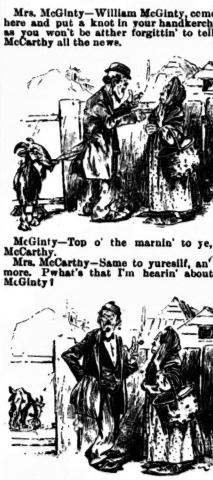
"I am Lord Alcester now," I answered, drawing her to the parapet, "but if you keep me here a moment longer I must bid my name good-bye for ever."

A seething mass of flame burst through the roof a little way to our right and came darting towards us. I tightened the rope and let her down slowly from the parapet. Soon her feet touched the ladder. She steadied herself against the wall and commenced to descend it. Then I, too, climbed over the edge and let myself down.

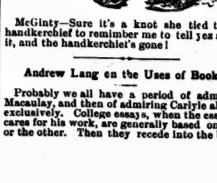
It was well that I was close behind her, for after a few trembling steps she reeled and would have fallen, but that I passed my arm around her. Slowly we descended, dizzy and scorched and exhausted, to the foot of the ladder a hundred eager hands met us, and a great sobbing cry of joy and relief broke the intense stillness which had reigned amongst the watchers. I felt soft arms around my neck and hot tears and kisses upon my hands as they crowded around us. But suddenly it all died away—the round of their hysterical shaking voices and the sight of their pale, eager, tear-stained faces radiant with gratitude. A numbness stole over my limbs and senses, and everything around grew indistinct and hazy. My limbs sank suddenly from beneath me, and I lay upon the dark lawn with sightless eyes and deaf ears. Consciousness had left me like a flash, and the unnatural strength which had buoyed me up was gone. I had fainted like a woman.

(To be Continued.)

A Poor Memory.



Mrs. McGinty—William McGinty, come back here and put a knot in your handkerchief, so as you won't be aither forgittin' to tell Mrs. McCarthy all the news.



McGinty—Sure it's a knot she tied to me handkerchief to remimber me to tell yez about the, and the handkerchief's gone!

Andrew Lang on the Uses of Books.

Probably we all have a period of admiring Macaulay, and then of admiring Carlyle almost exclusively. College essays, when the essayist cares for his work, are generally based on one or the other. Then they recede into the background, and there are moments when we ungratefully turn renegades to both, as we never turn renegades to Fielding and Thackeray. As for their thought, we cannot forever remain disciples. We begin to see how much that looks like thought is really the expression of temperament, and how individual a thing temperament is, how each of us must construct his world for himself, or be content to wait for an answer and a synthesis "in that far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves." So, for one, in these high matters, I must be content as a "masterless man," swearing by no philosopher, unless he be the imperial stoic of the hardy heart, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

Perhaps nothing in education encourages this incuriosity about "masters," and thought like the history of philosophy. The professor of moral philosophy, Mr. Ferrier, was a famous metaphysician and scholar. His lectures on The History of Greek Philosophy were an admirable introduction to the subject, afterward pursued in the original authorities, at Oxford. Mr. Ferrier was an exponent of other men's ideas so fair and persuasive that, in each new school, we thought we had discovered the secret. We were physicists with Thales and that pre-Socratic "company of gallant gentlemen" for whom Sidney Smith confessed his lack of admiration. We were now Empedocleans, now believers in Heraclitus, now in Socrates, now in Plato, now in Aristotle. In each lecture our professor set up a new master, and gently disintegrated him in the next. "Amurath to Amurath succeeds," as Mr. T. H. Green used to say at Oxford. He himself became an Amurath, a sultan of thought, even before his apostasis to the guide who had bewildered clergyman, Mr. Robert Elsmere.—*Scribner.*

Too Slow.

Tom—The old gentleman caught me kissing Alice last night.

Ned—I'm surprised. You ought to go slow about such things.

"Why, I went altogether too slow about it! That's how I got caught."

So English, You Know.

His Lordship—Aw—I say—what was the pun we were all laughing at—a bit before we started?

Miss A.—Why, it wasn't a pun!

His Lordship—No! Weally, now. Just fawney! And—aw—how—aw—How can you tell it's a joke if there's no pun?

"I have traveled over the entire United States in my official capacity as commissioner of The Societe Medicale of Paris, in search of the best locality for a sanitarium for consumptives, and after long deliberation reported upon this country (New Mexico) in the vicinity of Las Cruces." A. PETIN, M. D., L. C. P., France.

"Gath" Tells the Story of His Life.

I commenced at eleven years of age, unconsciously, to be a seer and writer for the public. My father was a clergyman in a country town not too remote from a large city. In that city I one day saw a woman sitting in a market house with a basket full of books with water-color illustrations. Nothing had ever affected me so much before as to accept a gift book. I had seen on the side of an omnibus as I came into the same city at the age of six. I bought some of the books for a penny or two apiece, and a box of water-colors, and began to paint drawings which I made from life. In the course of three years it seemed to everybody that I was to become an artist, for I copied and imitated hundreds of drawings. At fourteen I undertook to write a story or romance. At sixteen I published both story and poem, or rhyme, in a juvenile newspaper. From the time the first piece appeared in print, I was captive completely to the writing and preparing. And though I could have continued to hold the place at school, which I once easily won, at the head of the class, I paid but little attention to most of the studies for the last two years of my schooling, but read a great variety of books,—generally took other books to school than the text-books, and read them under or on the desk, and had a wandering turn on holidays, to go out into the country and see something and find what had taken place there. In that way I wandered, with Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution, over battle fields like Brandywine, Valley Forge, Germantown, and Red Bank. Here a long time the poetic form, which does a good deal to strengthen style and teach etymology, was a favorite with me. I had a dread of the daily papers, for the men about them seemed to be off hand, practical, and I have never in my life been a worldly person. The blush I had in childhood comes readily to my face now. The principal literary effort ever made at school was a poem called The Pleasures of Timidity. In fact, I was finding my way into the newspaper by a process I knew not of. As soon as I got there, the other reporters thought I must be plagiarizing; and I heard the editorial factotum cry out one night, "Who in this hole by who is the young idiot down in the reporters' column?" But for the great civil war soon coming on, I might have retired from the newspaper to the country; but nothing at that time was passing out of its provincial condition, and the uneasiness in the air was indicative of some great transformation. My intention had been to be a literary man. Time has taught me that there is no such profession in the United States as literature; but indeed the news has always been closely allied to literature. The Crusaders made Tasso and Cervantes; the rounding of the Cape of Good Hope made Camoens; and Dickens would never have become famous had he not been a press reporter, who saw with his own eyes another world than Scotland seen. When he named his son for Henry Fielding, the police magistrate, who also was an author, you could see that the realistic occurrences of modern life had guided both those men in their novels. DeFoe, and even Shakespeare, obtained inspiration from large contemporary occurrences, like the planting of America and the Protestant Revolution in England. I bade adieu to literature when Fort Sumter was fired on, and went to the civil war, seeing McClellan pass through Philadelphia on his way to take command of the Army of the Potomac, and seeing his army embattled in Virginia. I reported the seven days' battle for the New York *Herald* in July, 1862. But, that concern suppressing the correspondents' names, I got no other assistance from the work than a Sunday newspaper in New York gave me by having me write the events over again, for in that day only one of the dailies had a Sunday edition. During Pope's campaign I gratified a desire to travel, and I went to visit Europe, and there I stayed almost two years, and had hardly stepped ashore when I began to write, still in the line of the war news. If you will look at the *Cornhill Magazine* at the close of 1862, you will see my articles there, called Campaigning with General Pope, and Richmond and Washington during the War. When I came back from Europe I went to the army again, and saw Grant and Sheridan close out the war; and by this time the government had compelled the newspapers to print their correspondents' names, so that in a few weeks I had the reputation I should have had in 1862. There began my bias for the government, so better than any of the institutions which berate it.—*Lippincott's.*

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

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A Maiden of Alaska.

On the shore of the great Yukon River was born Marounah. She played among the wild roses on the banks, and when the moon rose above the snow-clad mountains across the wide river, she shuddered at the old men's tales of the Tlinkit ghosts, which, they said, were hovering in untold myriads in the dark forests which wailed in that lonely village. She was passing beautiful in the eyes of the young men of her tribe, and they wooed her persistently, but vainly. She did not admire their strength or courage, as did her homely sisters. She loved to sit on some huge rock upon the shore and dream of the stream flowing by, and wonder whence the salmon came and whither they went in their annual pilgrimage.

Marounah knew that soon the time would come when she must accept a husband, and she dreaded the day, because there was not one among the young men of her people to whom she felt she could love. She had seen a few rough white men who were hunting for gold, and her mother had hid her, lest they should see her and seek to buy her, as was sometimes done when the dried salmon was gone and the necessity of the Indians was very great. And she trembled as she recollected the sad stories she had heard of the fate of the maidens whom she had seen departing with the burly white men. Then a feeling of sickness stole over her, as she heard the owls hooting in the forest behind her father's house, and she wondered what would be her future. Her slumbers were troubled that night, and she dreamed of the dead house on the island beyond the bend in the Yukon, where reposed the ashes of her ancestors.

Like the other Indians she had great reverence for the medicine man of the tribe than for any one else she knew; but she did not fear him as did the others, for she longed to know his secrets, and, if it had been permitted by the customs, she would not have objected to a marriage with their newly initiated wizard, who was one of her old admirers.

One day, as Marounah sat weaving a basket at the foot of the ancestral totem in front of the house, a large canoe shot around the point up the river and was followed by another, and then another. She soon discerned that there was a white man in the foremost canoe. Soon they landed and the news spread through the village that the distinguished-looking stranger was on his way to the far north, to explore the country. The strange instruments which he carried with him astonished these simple people of the Yukon. They wondered that he did not offer them drink and show himself a beast, as had the other white men who visited them. In company with the Indian who had charge of his packers, the explorer inspected the quaintly carved log-houses and took notes of their implements, language, and peculiarities. He also attempted to obtain photographs, but the villagers were afraid of the dangerous-looking instruments, as well as of the evil eye, and the men turned their backs, while the women covered their faces with their hands.

But not so Marounah. Although wild with excitement, she felt a strange sense of exultation as the white man caught her eye and turned his camera in her direction. He smiled when he had succeeded in photographing the house, with the maiden standing at the entrance. But, when he approached and spoke approvingly, she was dumb, and even refused the small round mirror which he offered her.

That very day her mother had told Marounah that Wanastah, of the beaver totem, had asked for her hand in marriage, and, at her protests against such a union, her mother had become angry and had told her that if she did not cease showing her aversion to the youths of her tribe she would be denounced as a witch, for not conforming with the customs.

Marounah could not forget the handsome white man; he was always in her thoughts, and when she next saw the stranger, as he was making his preparations for departure, she knew what she had never dared to confess to herself before—that she loved. She felt a secret longing to go with him and to share all the perils of his journey to the land of the Esquimaux. Then her heart quailed as she thought of the long ones whom the miners had taken away, while the parents gazed at the sack of flour which was left as the price, and wondered how their child would fare. But this wise man, with books, and scientific apparatus, and such an air of disinterested benevolence, would never abandon her, but would take her home to his people and love her always. Then she awoke from her reverie and looked with disdain on her surroundings, from the naked children splashing in the water to the bald eagles soaring between her and the glistening snow peaks which had always shut her in. She felt that she could never hope that he would notice her, that she would have to marry a native youth and live the hard life of a squaw. Gradually she would lose her beauty, and finally become one of those wrinkled, bleary-eyed creatures who sit crouching over the fires until they form caricatures of poor humanity. The only alternative would be the plague, the medicine man's incantations, and then the dead-house, with the Tlinkits' ghosts.

Suddenly, the stranger, who had been superintending the loading of his canoes at the beach, turned and looked at her as she sat watching him; but she ran into the house in confusion and crouched behind the pile of mats. Perhaps, by some occult law, thoughts are reflected from one mind upon another. In this case it may, the scientist began to soliloquize thus: The maiden yonder was attractive; he was to be cut off from the civilized world for two years or more; perhaps he would never see his home again, and the icy waters of the north would claim his body. Then why not follow the example of others, and take with him an Indian girl, who would uncomplainingly suffer all things and be his willing drudge, while he wished it, and then resolutely sink into oblivion? He was an evolutionist, and believed in natural selection and the survival of the fittest. He hesitated an instant—his canoe was ready, all his scientific *impedimenta* were safely stowed away, and his Chilkat boatmen were taking leave of their friends. He had decided, and he approached the old woman, who was tending a salmon which was stretched on sticks before the fire for the best part of an hour, found that he understood enough of her dialect to convey his idea, which she did not seem to approve, although she did not violently repulse him. It stepped aside and beckoned to one of his man to come and act as interpreter. The woman turned and entered the house on hearing a shrill sob from Marounah, who became greatly agitated by what she had overheard. The mother said, sharply: "See what you have brought on us by your perversity! Do people think you are a witch, and now the white man wou d buy you and carry you off to die, as the miners took Tonitha last winter when the food was scarce. You must certainly marry Wanastah next full moon."

The old squaw could hardly believe her senses when Marounah said quietly: "I will go with the white stranger. I would rather burn as a witch than marry another. He is not like the miners. He will be true."

"Fool!" cried the mother, and struck her in her rage, as she realized that it would be impossible to alter the mind of the young dreamer.

"Go, then, with the white man, and we will not ask anything in exchange. You have made your fate. I wish you had not been born."

She sent a child to bring the father, and, when he arrived, she briefly informed him that she had decided to give Marounah to the stranger. The old man demurred, but the women rule in family affairs in Alaska.

The sterns of the canoes touch the sandy shore, and the population of the place stand like bronze statues in the clear Alaskan sunlight. A few rods back the blue smoke rises from the houses, while behind them the wooded mountains rise.

The scientist, as the canoe pushed off, placed some silver in the hand of the old man, who, he saw, would not be averse to taking it. It relieved his conscience, although, amid the dangers of months of exploration, he did not think much as to the distant outcome of the affair. The old women said, in their guttural tongue: "Just what might be expected of such a girl. The white man is very great, but he will desert her like the rest."

Marounah sat in the canoe in a bewildered ecstasy, and, with inbred stoicism, saw her family, friends and home gradually merge into their forest background. But, as she neared the dreaded island and the bones of her native shore from view, a mist veiled her eyes, and she thought she saw the totem of her mother's family—a mighty wooden shaft, grotesquely carved and surmounted by a raven—standing in front of the dead-house.

Day after day they floated down the enchanted stream flowing ever to the north-west, until they could scarcely see across the widened waters. Night after night their camp fire lighted up solitudes where neither Indian nor white man was ever met by them. Marounah would not have envied our Mother Eve in Paradise, had she known the story. She had realized her ideal. At the first, all was joyous with her. The scientist took a great interest in learning the correct pronunciation of her dialect, while noting the sub-tribal variations of the widely diffused Tlinkit tongue. He taught her English, and instructed her in various ways, until she felt that she was realizing the vague longings of her childhood, when she wished for something better than her people could give. He could find no fault with her behavior, and assisted him in every possible way, in sickness as well as in thrilling adventure. She once saved his life by swimming to his rescue when the canoe was overturned in the rapids. He nursed him during the rigors of the Arctic winter, where the sun did not shine for weeks.

Finally, it became necessary for the expedition to return. They had been in the north over a year, and the objects of the explorer had been accomplished as far as possible. The return journey was made in safety, and they expected to reach the coast before long. They were paddling up the noble river, and Marounah was supremely happy as she neared her far-off home. How she would look down upon those who had reproached her for not accepting her Indian suitors! Was she not the wife of the scientist? Was she not educated far above their comprehension? And here was her straight-limbed, handsome child, looking so like his father! Her husband, no doubt, would have a mighty house, and richly furnished, in the wonderful southern land of the whites.

They reached the familiar banks at dusk in autumn, and Marounah cried with joy at the thought of seeing her parents again. But she feared the dead house island, as she saw it in the distance. The scientist was silent and thoughtful, while he did not check her expressions of delight, as they passed the island, and the fires of the village were seen reflected in the smooth waters

"See!" cried Marounah, looking back under a sudden impulse, "the ghosts of the Tlinkits!" She gazed at the mists rising above the dead house, and, in an agony of fear, she clasped her babe to her bosom and began chanting the wild, unearthly notes of a Tlinkit dirge, in which the men joined as they paddled. The demoniac cries of the Indians thrilled the white man's soul with a nameless dread. He then realized where he had been and what he had done. He had been absent from his kind so long that he had almost begun to feel like one of these degraded children of the north, with whom he had been forced to associate. He began to moralize.

Marounah roused herself, and saw that the course of the canoe was not altered, as it should have been if they were going to land at her old home. She looked at the explorer, who averted his face under the stars and the aurora. She spoke to him in English, but he did not answer her a word. Then she thought of Tonitha, and shuddered.

"But my husband is wise and true, and he will not leave me," she said to herself. She cast a backward glance and wondered which of the fires was her mother's, and then awaited her fate. Soon the village was lost to sight, and Marounah was speeding up the river toward the white man's country, which she had never seen.

The scientist was thinking now of the future. He would gain fame from this exploration; he had been where no other white man had been before. He had been successful beyond his anticipations. He had a canoe-load of specimens of the products of that former *terra incognita*. Now, what was to be done with Marounah? He had thought it best not to see her parents while this question remained unanswered. There was but one course advisable, according to his judgment. She must be abandoned by willing hands and left without means of following him. Although she begged to know his plans for the future, he told her nothing.

The country of the Kootznahoos was reached at last, and the voyagers went ashore to spend the day and night in rest and recreation. Marounah did not understand the whispered consultation between the explorer and one of their hosts, which so greatly concerned her future welfare.

In the early dawn the canoes were loaded as usual, and the Koo znahoos stood at the water's edge to witness the departure of their guests. The great explorer stepped into his canoe, after all the men were seated with their paddles in their hands. Marounah was about to follow, with her babe on her back, after the manner of the Indian woman, when two stalwart Kootznahoos seized her by the shoulders from behind and held her firmly, while the canoe glided out into the current. She shrieked with anguish as she realized that never again would she see the man she loved. But the scientist did not look back; instead, he gazed steadfastly up the river into his future, where his civilized fellow-men were soon to receive him with honor. He would write a book, deliver lectures, and be received by society as a hero.

It is winter in the interior of Alaska. The sun may slide along the horizon for a few minutes at mid-day, but it is rarely seen through the dense clouds which touch the snow, while the blackness of the Alaskan night is something awful. The thermometer sometimes makes the cold seem threefold colder, and life ebbs low in man and beast.

A village of the Kootznahoos lies buried in the snow, and, in an underground winter-house, stoops over work a young Indian woman whose face betrays despair. She is the bereaved drudge of several related families who occupy this burrow together. She is experiencing the hard lot of an Indian slave. It is true that the slaves are seldom ill treated, beyond warmings or funerals, as was the custom before the whites began to exercise their authority, but they are shown no consideration whatever, beyond receiving the food which the others reject, and shelter from the storms, while escape is impossible.

A fair-haired babe cries plaintively from the pile of mats on which it lies. With a look of smoldering hate in her eyes, the mother turns toward it and her brow darkens as she gazes upon the child of the white man who had deserted her. It wails feebly once again, and the sound seems to goad the woman to madness. Suddenly the pent up savagery of her nature bursts forth, and with a harsh cry she thrusts a heavy fur over the little white face and the blue eyes that remind her of the man who had brought upon her all this misery. Firmer and yet firmer she presses, till the little, quivering form is still.

Slowly she drew aside the fur and looked long at the purpled face. The eyes stared duly up at her, the mute accusation sinking through hate, and ignorance, and despair to the mother heart that lay deep in her nature. Then with a mighty rush the realization of what she had done came upon her, and, with a wailing cry, she caught up the dead babe and fled out into the night.

As the Kootznahoo fishers were returning that night to their village, they found upon the beach the body of a drowned woman, washed up by the sea in which she had vainly sought to hide her sorrows, and clasped in her arms was the blackened face of a fair-haired child.

Marounah had paid the penalty of her brief glimpse of happiness.—*The Argonaut.*

Sohmer Pianos

The popularity of these delightful instruments is instanced by the fact that there are now a very large number of them in the houses of leading citizens of Toronto. Among many are Parlor, Baby and Bijou Grands, for which the Sohmer Company is so justly celebrated. To hear the tone is to be charmed. Messrs. A. T. Button & Co., 107 Yonge street, are the sole representatives and are also agents for the renowned New York Weber and the popular Uxbridge Pianos.

The Wicked Boys and the Unexpected Feat of Balancing.

Wicked Boys—Dago! Dago! Dago!—

—Catch on to her juggling!

Mrs. Ragoletti (after tossing the contents of her arms skillfully upon her head)—Dago teacha Irish mucha bettar manners—

—Irish knowa mucha bettah next a time.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Relieves mental and physical exhaustion.

Ye Advertising Clerk.

Fussy Man (hurrying into newspaper office) —I've lost my spectacles somewhere, and I want to advertise for them, but I can't see to write without them, you know.

Advertising Clerk (likely to be business manager some day)—I will write the ad. for you, sir. Any marks on them?

Fussy Man—Yes, yes. Gold-rimmed, lenses different focus, and letters L. Q. C. on inside. Insert it three times.

Advertising Clerk—Yes, sir. Five dollars, please.

Fussy Man—Here it is.

Advertising Clerk—Thanks. It gives me, sir, great pleasure, very great pleasure, to hand you, sir, that your spectacles are on top of your head.

Fussy Man—My stars! So they are. Why didn't you say so before?

Advertising Clerk—Business before pleasure, you know.

A Two-Strike.

The outdoor household work in summer such as that of the summer-kitchen, washing and ironing, is a sort of makeshift with many mishaps like burns and scalds. But Mr. John Heinemann, Middle Amana, Iowa, U. S. A., has found the true remedy. He says: "I scalded my right leg with boiling water, and had a sprained ankle at the same time. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil promptly cured both." That doubles its value easily, and shows its great usefulness.

An Artful Maid

Mother—Why, Rosalie, I thought you were going driving with Mr. de Riche. What are you wearing black for?

Rosalie—You know the poor fellow is in mourning for his wife, and I want to show my sympathy.

Las Vegas Hot Springs

These springs are easily accessible by the Santa Fe railroad, in about forty hours from Chicago in a luxurious coach and over a smooth roadbed.

The springs are numerous and the water is of all temperatures (from hot to cool), and has a great reputation for the cure of rheumatism, gout, gravel, skin diseases, catarrh, lithiasis, etc.

There is no malaria there, and the location is delightful at any time of the year. The climate of that high altitude, is invigorating, rendering the baths doubly beneficial. Accommodations ample and reasonable.

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Write for book and see analysis of the water, and the many testimonials.

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212 CLARK STREET CHICAGO.
261 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
332 WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON.
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Winged Words Pinioned.

Primus—How do you like my translation of the Iliad?

Secundus—Well, sir, you have removed the impression that Homer sometimes nods—

Primus—Oh, thank you—

Secundus—According to your version he seems to do so habitually.

Excursion to Washington, D C., on Nov. 23 via Erie & Lehigh Valley Railways.

Save ten silver dollars and have the finest holiday trip of the season. Just imagine, only costing ten dollars for the round trip from Suspension Bridge to Washington, and don't miss visiting the grand old cities in close proximity to Washington, tickets good to return up to December 3, inclusive. Tickets will be on sale at Suspension Bridge. Train will leave at 4.40 p.m. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

Imported Patriotism.

Mrs. Cassel Gardner (to new servant)—I have had a good many girls, but you are about the greenest of the lot.

Miss O'Toole—Yi ank'e, Ma'am; I thries to be thrue to me colors.

A Debasing Influence.

Mr. White.—Ain't and done it! I am astonished that a literary man can use such frightful grammar!

Mr. Scribbler.—Oh, I know it; but I write so many of those dialect stories for the magazines that I ain't as particular as I oughter be.

Our new fall and winter goods should be seen by every lady who admires a stylish and artistic gown, Miss Johnston having returned from Europe with the latest novelties. Dress goods for street, carriage and evening wear. Bridal trousseau a specialty. We invite you to inspect our choice selection of evening wear, silks, gauzes, etc. E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west.

Every Dog Has His Day.

Primus—I dined at the Newtons' yesterday, and certainly their home seemed to be a very happy one.

Secundus—Why, how is that? They are a childless couple, aren't they?

Primus—Yes; but whoop'ng-cough and measles are playing havoc with their neighbors' children just now.

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RHEUMATISM
Instantly relieved and permanently cured by
NINE O'CLOCK OIL
Prepared by DR. D. P. WILKINS, Toronto, Ont.
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"What a boon it would be to the Medical Profession if some reliable Chemist would bring out an Extract of Malt in Combination with a well-digested or Peptonized Beef, giving us the elements of Beef, and the Stimulating and Nutritious portions of Ale."
—So wrote the late eminent DR. J. MILNER FOTHERGILL.

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PEPTONIZED
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It is the only mild stimulant with a perfect food that is known to-day. The Beef supplies the elements of flesh and blood; the Ale is vigorating and tonic, and the Pepsin is an invaluable aid in the process of digestion.

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Of the Same School.

Chester—An Italian sunset, Mr. O'Brien. Have you ever seen one in nature?

O'Brien—Well, yes; I hov seen many a dago in Mulberry street, New York.

His Choice.

Mr. Jammi—Can't you play something besides plunkety-plunk?

Mrs. Jammi—Yes, I can play Comrades and Annie Rooney.

Mr. Jammi—Keep on with plunkety-plunk.

THE MEANS OF DIGESTING WELL.—Would you have your digestion performed in a regular manner and without trouble? Take after each meal a dessert spoonful of Dr. Sey's Remedy. If your bowels are sluggish and do not act promptly, take a table spoonful.

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Workman—No, sir; you can not. Neither can I. If he was around do you s'pose I'd take five minutes to light me pipe?

Clothes boiled without soap!! "Impossible," say so. It would be impossible with the ordinary washing powders; but the function of "Lessive Phenix" is to do a great many things commonly deemed impossible. It makes your clothes like snow; it will polish your silver ware, your tinwares, your bath; in fact, it will clean everything. Lessive Phenix—ask your grocer for it.

Everything in a Name

The Infant—I done wanth thome hoo-caketh.

Mrs. Blinders—Fo', Pol'tics, yo' doan git none till suppe'—dat yo' doan't.

Visitor—Whoffer yo' call dat chile Pol'tics fer?

Mrs. Blinders—Case he's ser hahd t' undahstan' an' he's allers wantin' moah.

Sunlight Soap

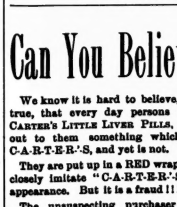
JUST A LINE

or so to tell you something worth knowing.

"Sunlight" Soap will make your clothes clean and white. It will not injure the most delicate fabric. It will not keep you at the wash-tub from morn to night, but will enable you to do a large wash in half a day. No hard rubbing is required, no hot steam, no backache, no sore hands. Give it a trial. Beware of imitations.

WHY DO YOU WEAR CORSETS

Which Make you look as though you had Been Cut out of a Wooden Block with a Jack-knife



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Can You Believe It?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S, and yet is not.

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The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HERD THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R-'S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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The Chrysanthemum Show.

I suppose we shall never see a really beautiful or artistic flower show in this country or any other country where the flowers of the community are not a public institution. In Japan, which has the chrysanthemum for its national flower, they have a genuine chrysanthemum exhibition. There they hold their show out of doors and drink tea out of beautiful little china cups, and the lovely fawn-like eyes of the Japanese girls are bright and shine for you as they hand you your potion. And among the beautiful fleecy flowers arranged by Mother Nature and the skilful Japanese landscape gardeners, the girls walk in their soft silk gowns and their laughter is like the sound of falling water. Then these Japanese girls have poetic names for their flowers. Snow on the Mountain, Ten Thousand Times Sprinkled with Gold or Autumn Mist. But, alackaday, this is not far Japan but only prosaic Toronto, and the florist has no soul for beauty. He breaks poor Snow on the Mountain from her parent stem and shoves her into a hole in a green board and he places Chihigiui and Aunobiki and Utakata in stiff rows on pine tables, and he does not call them by their curious Japanese names, with such beautiful English meanings, but he names them Elmer D. Smith—that the national flower of so fair a country should be named Smith!—or Lilly Bates or Mrs. E. W. Clarke.

Still, there is a good deal of poetry about the chrysanthemum, no matter how incongruous its surroundings, and people who visited the Horticultural Gardens this week were not disappointed, but it seems to me that to get really beautiful results in an exhibition of this kind a committee well educated in color and the artistic arrangement of it, should have charge of the exhibit. Such a committee, composed of ladies of taste, an artist or two perhaps, and a few practical florists ought to produce a genuinely beautiful display.

TOUCHSTONE.

The Drama.

THE much expected performance of Ben Hur came off this week and the last two performances will take place at the Grand to-day. It has certainly proved one of the most novel and delightful entertainments ever seen in this city. The brilliancy of the dancing, the splendor of the scenery and costumes and the ability of the principals cannot be commended too highly. The pantomime mode of expression is beautiful and effective for the expression of emotion, but is fraught with difficulty when used for expressing ordinary inquiries, and one must certainly appreciate the difficulty of scenes such as the one of the wise men before King Herod and the excellence with which they were handled by those who took part. Most praise for the production should be given I think to Mrs. Bendelari who, though she did not appear on the stage, had the task of organizing the really vast assembly of participants. This lady has before now proved her abilities in the annual Kirmesses which have hitherto given such prestige to Toronto, but this production of Ben Hur with its hundred and one details, is so far I venture to say, her cap-sheaf managerial achievement. Nor can too much be said in praise of the stage directors and teachers, Messrs. Clark, Cox, Melville, Kellog and their colleagues for their share of the histrionic production; and another lady whose indefatigable services won the admiration of all was Miss Breen, the pianiste, who has, I am told, lent her time and ability morning, noon and night for every practice and rehearsal and has besides directed the orchestra at each performance this week. In fact, there has not been one drone among all the workers and the result could not but have been what it is.

Those who took part were: Joseph, Mr. Grant Bidout; Mary, Miss May Bostwick; Rabbi Samuel, Mr. Fahey; Sanballat, Mr. Green; Valerus Gratus, Mr. Dunstan; Mother of Ben Hur, Miss McCausland; Tirzah, Mrs. Birchall; Iras, Miss Lash; Esther, Miss Hornibrook; Amrah, Mrs. Denison; Ben Hur, as a boy, Fred Bendelari; Ben Hur, as a man, Mr. Patterson; Messala, as a boy, Harold Rolph; Messala, as a man, Dr. Boultbee; Idirim, Mr. Beddoe; Simonides, Mr. Percival F. Ridout; Balthazar, Mr. Goodman; Melchoir, Mr. Meredith; Gasper, Mr. Dunstan; Herod, Mr. Boddy; Arrius, Mr. Alex. Snow; Thord, Mr. Dunstan; Companion of Thord, Mr. Chandler; Mallock, Mr. Percy Patterson; Slave Boy, Hamilton Bendelari.

Statuary—Miss Lizzie Lamport, Miss Parsons, Miss Lownds, Miss Josie Gooderham, Miss Seymour.

Reader of Chariot race, Mr. Clark, Monday and Tuesday; Mr. Ebbels, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Sh-ita—Miss Kathleen Snow, Miss Olive Shepherd, Miss Violet Maulson, Miss Beatrice Carter, Master Genereaux.

Lilly—David Gamble Rick.

Naiads—Miss Sybil Walker, Miss V. Strickland, Miss L. Maul, Miss Edna Lee, Miss Mabel Lee, Miss M. Chadwick, Miss B. Grantham, Miss C. Monck, Miss M. Boultbee, Miss M. McDonald, Miss A. Henderson, Miss A. Hamilton, Miss E. McVitty, Miss M. Hedley, Miss M. Patriarch, Miss H. Cawthra, Miss N. Wallace, Mrs. H. Patterson, Miss E. Roque, Miss McLean, Mrs. Dunstan, Miss Murphy, Miss Gussie Murphy, Miss Seymour.

Gondoliers—Miss Lauda Gale, Miss Lillie Phillips, Miss Drayton, Miss Holmes, Miss Kate Crawford, Miss Annie Lamport, Miss Florrie Turner, Miss Tena Hughes, Miss Pearson, Miss Ellie Phillips, Miss Nellie Maulson, Miss Louie Chadwick.

Tambourine Girls.—Miss Ina Keighly, Miss Maud Proctor, Miss Evelyn Cox, Miss Florence Kemp, Miss M. Eollinson, Miss M. McDonald, Miss Olive Drayton, Miss Evelyn Germyn, Miss Mary Elwood, Miss Maud Pearson.

Leaders—Miss Mary Elwood, Miss McDonald.

Butterflies—Misses Francis Harrison, Gwendolyn Francis, Beatrice Francis, Josephine Sheppard, Eunice Stout, Dollie Stout, Florence Lowndes, Ethel Matthews, Frances Digmur, Dottie Lamont, Eileine Elwood, Madeline Carter, Beatrice Pearson.

Butterfly Queen—Miss Dottie Lamont.

Leaders—Miss Eileine Elwood, Miss Madeline Carter.

Priestesses—Miss Edith Jarvis, Miss Connie Jarvis, Miss May Hughes, Miss E. Kingsmill, Miss A. Heward, Miss T. Heward, Miss D. Boulton, Miss W. Birchall, Miss Newbiggin, Miss A. Parsons, Miss Dunstan, Miss V. Patriarch, Miss D. Patriarch.

Leader—Miss Edith Jarvis.

Black Birds—Misses Katie Miller, Marjory Arnoldi, Gertie Fay, Edith Keighley, Zaidee Drayton, Estelle Steiner, Evelyn Ridout, Edith Maulson, Gracie Mason, Gerty A. Parsons, Ina Mitchell, Annie Staunton, Hazel Hedley, Lillie Smith, Ellie Wagner, Ruby Croll.

Quartette—Misses Joan Arnoldi, Ellenie Germyn, Ethel McKenzie, Flossie Phillips.

Roman Soldiers—Messrs. H. A. Willis, J. Beakbane, G. I. Ashworth, J. M. Laing, E. H. Rolph, H. Cherry, C. E. Langley, Dr. Boultbee, Messrs. J. J. Ashworth, N. Hyslop, N. Winder, E. B. Boyes, A. N. Taylor, D. H. McLean, F. Leslie, G. Ince.

Guards—B. M. S. Thomson, G. H. Thompson.

The dancing was perhaps the most generously appreciated feature of the entertainment. The Butterfly dance by children was exceedingly beautiful. The dancing of the leader, Miss Dottie Lamont, was light and beautiful, and but few can equal this fair little *artiste* in dancing of this character. The Blackbird, another children's dance, was best described by some ladies who sat near me, who said it was "cute." It was novel and the dancing beautiful, and was called for by Misses Arnoldi, Germyn, Phillips and McKenzie. The Priestess' dance was the most oriental of all the dances, and was brilliant in its various movements and was led with delicious grace by Miss Edith Jarvis. The Tambourine dance was bright and joyous and beautifully costumed, and the same may be said of the Gondoliers' dance with its Spanish effects. The Naiads' march was very striking, the tall young ladies having almost as martial a bearing as the Roman soldiers, whose intricate movements won much applause.

*

The tableaux were beautifully put on. The first one, with Miss May Bostwick as the central figure, was beautiful, and Mrs. Bostwick's spirituelle Mary was lovelier even than any of the conceptions of the old masters. The final one, representing Iras' Story of the Nile, was very brilliant. The grouping was artistic and the effects of the lilies and shells opening were at once curious and beautiful. The splendid recitation of that wonderful piece of writing, The Chariot Race, by Messrs. Clark and Ebbels, was heightened by the accompaniment of music and by the gorgeous tableau. One might suggest that Mr. Patterson might have put a little more action into his attitude as the victorious Ben Hur. The statuary, too, was fine, so fine, in fact, that it is difficult to describe it.

*

And coming at last to the principals, one almost fears to point out excellencies lest he should chance to leave unmentioned some fine piece of work. Mr. Fred. Bendelari and Mr. Harry Patterson, Ben Hur, boy and man respectively, pleased all, Mr. Patterson doing all his work with great dignity and power. Messrs. Harold Rolph, who did the quarrel scene with much power, and Dr. Boultbee, as Messala, deserve the same praise. Miss McCausland and Mrs. Birchall, in the parts of the mother and sister of Ben Hur, were very effective and lent no small amount to the fine effect of several of the tableaux. Mrs. Denison, as Amrah, expressed the devotion of the old servant splendidly. Miss Hornibrook, as Esther, did very effective acting. Her modest diffidence in giving the stool to Ben Hur deserved great applause. Nor did she surpass Miss Lash's Iras, whose characterization of the Egyptian girl was one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen. Mr. George Dunstan was triplets and lent much unction to all his three *roles* of Gaspar, Valerus Gratus and Thord. The other wise man, Mr. Meredith and Mr. Goodman, were also fine. Mr. George Thompson wore an excellent and sufficient scowl in the scene with them. Mr. Boddy as Herod managed very difficult pantomime expression to the satisfaction of all. Mr. Chandler was equal in strength to Mr. Patterson in the magnificent contest between them at Thord's palace. Mr. Percival Ridout made an excellent Simonides, and Master Hamilton Bendelari put good action into his performance as the slave boy. The other gentlemen were of equal excellence in their several parts. Altogether Ben Hur is a treat for ears, eyes and intellect, and the Infants' Home will profit largely by the hard work of all who take part.

*

During the latter part of last week Rhea played La Czarina to very large audiences. Her play is fro n the workshop of one of the greatest of dramatic constructionists. Scribe has only been equalled in construction by his successor, Sardou, and his characters have no more real life than those of the latter, but though there is a strong suspicion of unhealthiness of tone about La Czarina, it is infinitely sound and sweet when compared with La Tosca and most of Sardou's later works. But the bald mechanism of the French dramatists palls on one. The incessant presence of wheels and cogs is dispiriting. From seeing part of the machine one knows at once how the balance of it is built and is not particular about seeing it. In this Russian play there is a notable absence of *scenes*. It has none of the incidents that charm or excite or amuse and with which Shakespeare's plays are studded. Despite the acting done by the principals, except for the scene between Menzikoff and his daughter in the first act and the dramatic scene when the prime minister proclaims Catherine empress, the performance was tedious. The last act is really all that there is in the play. All the carefully placed wheels and cogs lead up to it and one knows the whole plot from seeing it.

*

The characters are, as usual, built for the situations and the author, as usual, looks at history through the large end of the glass. One gets no idea of the greatness of Peter. He is to Scribe but a petty oriental potentate, who bow strings his wives on suspicion of their infidelity. The strength of Rhea redeemed the character of Catherine from its stagey

mediocrity. Scribe can make a charming *ingenue*, however, and Olga is such. The character of Menzikoff is leniently dealt with and, though his goodness is equivocal, is the best piece of work in the play, and the dramatist has taken a good deal of liberty with history in treating all the characters. Rhea herself, with her many well known qualifications for the part, made a strong, beautiful and queenly Catherine. Her assumed stoniness, afterwards changing to passion, in the last act, was a grand piece of acting. Mr. William Harris did his best with Peter the Great and was deservedly applauded. Mr. Errol Dunbar was a fair Menzikoff, good in action but somewhat ineffective in vocal expression. Mr. Lauren Rees, as Count Sapicha, was fair, and the comedy work of Mr. J. R. Armory as Vilterbeck was very fine. Miss Una Abell was charming as the self-sacrificing *ingenue*, Olga. The company was altogether a well cast one.

*

Eight Bells at the Academy this week was a fine drawing attraction and the bumper houses which it received were not disappointed in it. It is a very funny variety farce with splendid stage-setting, and is full of good opportunities for the funny man. There is much agile tumbling and clever jugeling and gagging. Some of the features were not entirely original, but altogether it is the best thing of the kind since Hanlon's Voyage En Suisse. The Brothers Byrne and Mr. Thomas Browne deserve mention. The attraction during the last three nights at the Academy has been a war drama, After Twenty Years.

TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

In Barbara Rosina Vokes, in the *role* of a poverty-stricken seamstress, wears at her throat a diamond pin valued at $2,000. This leads the critics to ask if all poor London sewing-girls light up their wretched homes with their jewels. Julia Marlowe has a new play written by Malcolm Bell, called A Poor Player, which she will soon produce. The scenes of the play are laid in Stratford-on-Avon, twenty-four years after Shakespeare's death, and the plot twines around the Puritanical persecution of the strolling players of that day. Adelina Patti will sail for this country, by the city of New York on December 23. Kid McCoy, an ex convict and professional burglar, who has been tolerated as a mock thief in a melodrama, is to insult the dramatic profession further as a speaking actor. Barry Sullivan's memory is to be honored with a monument in Dublin. Lotta is going to build a little private theater adjoining her home at Lake Hopatcong. Sarah Bernhardt, like most players, rushes to some theater for amusement every evening that she happens to be idle as a performer. She went to see Alabama last Monday night and Thermidor on Tuesday. Frances Hodgson Burnett, whose prior essays as a dramatist had failed utterly, now appears to have been fairly successful with The Showman's Daughter, produced in English provinces. Charles Frohman has accepted a Jerome comedy, The Counsellor's Wife, and he may try it in town before the end of the season. Charles B. Hanford, an industrious and studious actor, formerly of the Booth-Barrett, Robson-Crane, and other good companies, has purchased from the Barrett estate the Julius Cæsar outfit used by Booth and Barrett, and will star as Marc Antony next season. Lizzie Evans started on her delayed tour last week, and in Hartford she produced Martha Morton's drama, Miss Prue, for the first time. Louis James and Frederick Ward have agreed to become the joint heroes in Henry Guy Carleton's Mermon. George Moore, the London author, lately comic in a wild assault upon the dramatic critics, has further distinguished himself by dramatizing one of Zola's nastiest novels. Modjeska has produced in Boston The Tragic Masque, in which she impersonates an American woman employed as a police spy in Russia.

Some time ago there was a "slick" game worked in Philadelphia at one of the theaters. The manager of the star—Rhea it is said to have been—hunted up a handsome "dago" and made a bargain with him. The manager dressed his man in elegant style and had him seated in a most conspicuous location for several evenings. The report became circulated that he was a Russian count enamored of the actress. Every evening he brought an elegant bouquet of flowers, which in an ostentatious manner he handed to the actress, but which she refused to accept. After nearly a week's vain efforts to secure her favor in this public manner, he one evening became much excited, and at the usual refusal of his offering he essayed to get upon the stage. This was, of course, provided for, and a policeman was on hand who arrested the determined foreigner. He found bail for the night, but duly appeared in the justice court in the morning. A fine was imposed, and that being paid the game was over. It is really impossible the amount of free advertising the show received from the trick. For it was nothing but a trick, bogus nobleman and all, with the matter previously arranged with policeman and the justice; the public only was deluded.

The latest important venture in New York theatricals is the operetta La Cigale. Opinions as to the value of it are radically at variance. It has enthusiastic admirers and it has been the object of much derision. The story deals with this fable of the grasshopper: "The ants were employing a fine winter's day in drying grain collected in the summer time. A grasshopper, perishing with famine, passed by and earnestly begged for a little food. The ants inquired of him, 'Why did you not treasure up food during the summer?'

"He replied, 'I had not leisure enough. I passed the days in singing.'

"They then said, in derision, 'If you were foolish enough to sing in the summer, you must dance supperless to bed in the winter.'"

The grasshopper in the opera is a country girl who has stage aspirations and finally becomes a prima donna. The ant is a country girl who marries a clodhopper and settles into the matronhood of the village. The grasshopper goes out into the world, makes jealous a duchess and after various tribulations is married to a chevalier.

Allan Dale, discussing the representation in the conservative *Epoch*, says: The artistic value of the story was utterly ruined by the disastrous and nauseating business introduced by a comedian known as Louis Harrison. This gentleman was permitted to ruin the text by introducing gags of his own, topical allusions and vulgar slang. "Oh, get into the safe and forget the combination" was one of his pretty speeches uttered at Bruges, and an imitation of the opening of a champagne bottle was one of his specialties. How can legitimate comic opera ever hope for a hearing in America, when such introductions are there, too loud and too unpleasant for even a burlesque, are tolerated? With the advent of Robin Hood I had hoped for better things. Robin Hood has been an enormous success, and I attribute this to the fact that it is free from clownery and buffoon tactics. That La Cigale should be so inflicted is a marvel to me. New York audiences are clamoring for legitimate comedy, and the day has now come when buffoonery will be hooted and condemned, when it is irrelevant and obviously uncalled for.

'Varsity Chat.

Sir Daniel Wilson lectured to a large audience last Saturday afternoon in University hall on Shakespeare. By quotations Sir Daniel showed the genial humor, tenderness and the profound suggestive wisdom of the Bard of Avon, and his conception of humanity in all its greatness and meanness. Words failed him to point out the greatness of the greatest author, but he summed up the modern drama as follows: "It is an aimless, frivolous, contemptible thing, powerless for good and lagging far behind the intellect of the age."

*

Prof. James Gibson Hume will lecture this afternoon at three o'clock on The Value of a Study of Ethics. As he is the successor of the late Prof. George Paxton Young in the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy, a large number of graduates will no doubt be present. Prof. Hume is a Canadian in birth, sentiment and education.

*

The character of the papers read at the Canadian History Referendum tends greatly to the success of the work undertaken by its members. The papers read comparing the executive of the government of Canada with that of the United States were prepared by Messrs. R. L. Lamb and George M. James.

*

Two graduates of Queen's University, Messrs. John Bell, B. A., and D. H. Hamilton, B. A., are studying theology at Knox College.

*

Mr. Frank R. Lillie, B. A., '91, has obtained a fellowship in biology in Clark University, U. S., where he will study for the Ph. D. degree.

*

The Wycliffe men have decided, in their Literary Society, that a clergyman should be a public exponent of party politics.

On Sunday last sermons were preached at missions by Wycliffe men as follows: Mr. A. H. Garden, Silverbrook; Mr. Charles Weaver, Roseneath; Mr. C. S. Smith, Whitby; Mr. Leo Williams, Beeton; Mr. G. A. Rice, Sunderland; Rev. A. P. Kennedy, Longford.

The 'Varsity and Trinity medicals are united in the working of their Temperance League and Y. M. C. A. On Saturday night of last week a public meeting of the league was held, with President Crawford in the chair, and Secretary W. W. Elliott announced that the membership was now two hundred and twenty. They are also united in their grievance with the Ontario Medical Council in deciding that only one examination be held each year. This annual event is to be in the fall of the year. Formerly—apart from the payment of fees—the council gave indication of its existence by holding two examinations, spring and fall. The final men by the new departure will lose six months' valuable time, and those who fail or are adjourned will not be able to begin the practice of their profession until they are eighteen months older than they had anticipated. Of such are some of the beauties of a close corporation.

*

On Friday of last week the Rugby men were cheered by about two hundred of their fellows in their contest with the Osgoode Hall men at Rosedale. The game resulted in a draw, each side having made ten points. On Monday another match was played resulting in a victory for the legalites by a score of eighteen to two. These matches have aroused the 'Varsity boys to a high pitch of enthusiasm. They turned out in great force and displayed their colors in excellent style. It is some consolation to know that the victorious team is composed largely of 'Varsity men of past years. They are now proving themselves worthy of their training.

JUNIOR.

Retribution.

For Saturday Night.

She flirted her fan in the perfumed air,
She looked the love she never expressed,
His ring gleamed out from her finger fair,
That toyed with his roses upon her breast.

He had no cars for the artist who sang,
Her eyes like arrows pinioned him fast;
Hearts he had broken without a pang
By the score, but a captive he was at last.

"Ah! there is De Vere," he bowed and said,
"He thought to win you with all his wiles;
But I never fail with cupid"; rose red,
Flushes her face but she sweetly smiles.

He opens a package next day and pales,
"In just a fortnight I wed De Vere,"
Cupid had failed him, and so he sails
Off and to Europe for change of air.

Denver, Colorado. EMMA P. FRADURY.

Why I'm So Blue.

For Saturday Night.

Pretty I love thee,
Sweetheart I love thee,
Oh can you not see
Darling I love thee?

I always stumble,
I always mumble;
Cannot you tumble
What makes me fumble

When I approach you,
When I reproach you?
That my heart is true,
That's why I'm so blue
In saying adieu.

S.

A Marriage a la Mode.

Have you heard what they are saying
O'er the walnuts and the wine,
Secrets eagerly betraying
About your affairs and mine?
Foes and friends receive attention
From each chatting beau and belle,
And they casually mention
That Marie has "married well."

"Married well!" Ah, that's expressive,
And from it we understand
That the bridegroom has excessive
Store of ducats at command.
Is he good? He has his vices.
Has he brains? We scarce can tell.
Handsome? Hardly! It suffices,
If Marie has married well.

Does she love him? Love's a passion,
Childish in this latter day.
She will dress in height of fashion,
And her bills he'll promptly pay.
Does he love her? Wildly, madly!
Since he bought his trotter, Nell,
He has welcomed naught as gladly;
Yes, Marie has married well.

Is she happy? That's a trifle;
Happiness is bought and sold;
And she readily can stifle
Love she used to know of old.
Well she knows a heart is broken;
As for here—she can not tell!
But her bridal vows are spoken,
And Marie has married well.

In this game one should give heeding
To the stakes, not gentle arts;
And, when diamonds are leading,
Where's the use of playing hearts?
I congratulate her gladly;
But the wish I can't dispel
That most girls may marry badly,
If Marie has married well.

—Harry B. Smith.

Irish Song.

(Air—"What shall I do with this silly old man?")

When Carroll axed Kate for her heart and a hand
That controwled just a hundred good acres of land,
Her lovely brown eyes
Went wide wid surprise,
And her lips they shot scorn at his saucy demand;
"Young Carroll Maginn,
Put the beard to your chin
And the change in your purse, if a wife you would win."

Then Carroll made Kate his most illigant bow,
And off to the Diggins lampooned from the plough;
Till, the beard finely grown,
And the pockets full blown,
Says he, "Maybe Kate might be kind to me now!"
So home my lad came,
Col. Carty by name,
To try a fresh fling at his cruel cold flame.

But when Col. Carty in splendor steps in,
For all his grand airs and great beard to his chin,
"Och! have ye no shame!"
Cried Kate, with a groan,
"For my heart's in the grave wid poor Carroll Maginn."
"Hush sobbin' this minute,
'Tis Carroll that's in it!
I've caged you at last, thin, my wild little linnet."

The Author of Father O'Flynn.

Moonlight Song.

'Tis twelve o' the clock.
The town is still;
As gray as a rock
From gable to sill
Each cottage is standing.
The narrow street
(Where the tree tops meet),
From the woods to the landing,
Is black with shadows;
The roofs are white,
And white are the meadows;
The harbor is bright;
Can this be night?

II.

'Tis twelve o' the clock.
The town is still;
As still as a stock
From harbor to hill.
The moon's broad marge
Has no stars near,
Far off, how clear
They shine, how large!
Something is strange
In the air, in the light;
Come look! let us range
In the black, in the white
Through the day-like night.

III.

In the elm trees all
No flutter, no twitter;
From the granite wall
The small stars glitter.
A filmy thread
My forehead brushes;
A meteor rushes
From green to red.
Naught is but the bliss
Of this dark, of this white,
Of these stars—of this kiss,
O my Love and my Light
In the day and the night.

Richard Watson Gilder.

Between You and Me.

THE age of compliments has not yet fairly dawned on this young and democratic land of ours. I am often amused at the clumsy attempts I overhear in the gilded hall or at the summer resort. "Really, you look stunning, like a full blown rose!" declared one metaphorically mixed and awkward flatterer. "How did my part go?" asked an anxious young Jewess after the first performance of Ben Hur Monday night. "Capitally, all things considered," said truthful James, and the *debutante* has been worrying over his qualification ever since. I overheard one sweet little speech at a late dinner, where a dainty society girl was describing her sister's bridal abode and the price of the infinitesimal plot of ground it stood upon. "A hundred dollars a foot, Jack says it is worth; isn't that an awfully expensive lot?" "Yes," said the wily man of the world with conviction, "if you mean measured by your foot."

*

Apropos of Thanksgiving Day I am reminded of an Italian custom which obtains in all the villages of that country. Each village has its *fete* day. On that day there is a service in the church, and a procession through the village, after which gifts are displayed, and subsequently sold by auction. The gifts generally are large cakes, flowers, etc. The neighboring rich are attracted by the service and the procession, and there is a friendly competition for the gifts, which results in their usually being sold for much more than they are worth and the money given to the poor fund.

*

There is no doubt many a lesson we could learn from English journalists about polish and finish and manner and style, but there is one lesson some of them could with profit learn from us "blawsted colonials." That is, respect for their church and its ministers. Surely there must be a proper percentage of the latter to redeem the body from the saucy remarks and unveiled impertinence of some of the journalistic comments. One can scarcely help smiling at the criticisms on the parish which lacked a parson, a justice of the peace and a postoffice, and which avowed itself content to do without the postal facility, if only its blessed immunity from the two former bugbears continued. I have not much admiration for the folk who can do without the law, the gospel and the daily papers, but I could not help fancying that the parson and the justice ought to feel themselves hardly criticized and determine to better adapt themselves to what are in England as in Canada—the needs of our human nature.

*

I was reading the other day a quaint little pamphlet on the proper way to behave in church. It was of a rather ancient date, and gave directions about snoring, expectorating and other performances which must have been a dreadful infliction when in general use. Thanks to the march of civilization we have no need for such a pamphlet nowadays. But, perhaps there are a few rules which might be mentioned for the good of the crowd, and the improvement of those who read them. The little book says, "be in your seat at least ten minutes before the preacher enters th, composing your mind and attuning your heart to worship." Now, this is a mistake; I have tried it, and after composing one's mind, and attuning one's heart etc., it is trying to hear a whispered discussion close behind your ear, as to the latest news from an absent party of travelers, and the half smothered murmurs of a plan of outing for the morrow, and to find your interest aroused and your heart out of tune for anything short of worldly things.

*

But to proceed to the rules. Don't come in late, march up to the front of the church, and spying out a seat for one in a well filled pew, crowd yourself and your olive branches into it, walking over the toes of the luckless wights whom you have to pass. Don't come early and plank yourself in the outer seat, and let old men and maidens, young men and children, stumble over you. Don't sing all the tenor and bass solos and duets, if you are a woman, nor growl out the treble and alto solos, if you are of the sterner sex. Don't sit down when others stand up, unless from simple weakness and ill-health. If your choir sings antiphonally, don't shout all the verses and spoil the effect, but discipline your soaring vocalities a little and take your alternate verse with the side on which you are seated. Don't begin to drag on your overcoat or wrap the moment service is over, poking your elbows in your neighbor's eyes or ribs, and evincing a sort of irreverent haste to be done with the church and get away from it. Don't remark upon the singing, the sermon, or the congregation while you are walking out. Don't make a parade of reverence—too much is as bad as too little; and anybody who disobeys these rules, don't be obtuse and do so any more.

I went to hear Rhea the other night on purpose to satisfy myself whether anything lovable or attractive could be made of Catherine of Russia's character. How sweet and womanly and winning Rhea made her, those who were at the theater can testify. Perhaps the truest part of the whole play was, that when Catherine forgot her wifely dignity enough to confide in a man not her husband, concerning her domestic disillusion, she should choose such an empty, furbelowed, conceited shallow piece of manhood as the Polish count, who read to his friend the love letters he received from the court beauties, and deplored the fact that he couldn't be ubiquitous, and thus keep all his appointments. Peter was certainly a trying sort of a husband, but he was to my mind preferable to the beribboned Pole, and not a bit more unreasonable than half a dozen of my own married acquaintances would be, had they, (which thank fortune, they have not!) his supreme and irresponsible power. He recalled in some of his impetuous vagaries, the immortal Mr. Bowser to my irreverent mind.

*

Late events have led me to ponder a little on the disillusions of which life make us presents, as we gain in years and experience. Lots of things we believed in ten years ago we laugh over now. The background of many a stately seeming shows as poor and incomplete as Ben Hur's pasteboard horses or the dry and dusty pine wood and canvas lake whereon he takes moonlight rides with lovely Iras. And we learn to accept the fading of our fancies, and come down to the reality with what philosophy we may, lucky if we can preserve for ourselves the truths of love and self-denial and constancy to duty, to lead painfully back up the steep ways, down which we tumbled so easily just now, to the hope-gilded heights of peace.

LADY GAY.

Noted People.

The youngest woman on the board of Lady Managers for the World's Fair is Miss Lorette Lovell of Arizona.

Mrs. William Vanderbilt is an unusually handsome woman, with creamy white complexion, dark brown hair, large dark gray eyes and a remarkably fine figure.

Napoleon's handwriting was so decidedly illegible that it is said of his letters, written to Josephine during the German campaign, that they resembled nothing so much as war maps.

Black, blue and hazel eyes, a blonde and a brunette complexion, dimples and sound lungs have been variously accredited to Baby Ruth Cleveland by imaginative newspaper reporters.

At a recent Scandinavian festival in Minneapolis, Mrs. Ole Bull played an accompaniment on the piano, and acknowledged a serenade by the singing club with an able and graceful speech.

Patti is to receive $5,000 a night besides a percentage of the receipts in her coming tour of the United States with Henry Abbey's company. Albani will have $1,000 and Miss Emma Eames $800.

J. L. Macadam, whose name is well known in connection with the road-paving which he labored for years to perfect, was voted $30,000 by the English Parliament in recognition of his services. It is said that his monument is the roads of England.

Miss Olive Schreiner is described as quite a young lady, with a slight, graceful figure, large, lustrous eyes and beautiful brown hair. One of her brothers is a barrister of large practice at Cape Town, where his talented sister also resides. She mingles freely in the society of the government house, and is brilliant in conversation. She frequently betakes herself to the little village of Matchesfontain, in the Karoo Desert, three hundred miles from Cape Town, for close communion wi h nature.

Miss Beatrice Potter, of London, who has written so successfully of the condition of the poor in her own city, was until recently well known in the fashionable world of London. She learned to sew with a poor tailor, and, in the disguise of a working girl, obtained employment in one of the meanest establishments at the East End. Here she became familiar with the wretched condition and cruel exactions of her fellow-workers, and is thus able to write of their sufferings with the authority of experience.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe presided with great dignity and simplicity at the meeting in St. Paul of the Association for the Advancement of Women, and at the conclusion of one of the sessions she created much enthusiasm by reciting her famous Battle Hymn of the Republic. Mrs. Howe is now seventy-two years old, her hair is gray, her broad forehead wrinkled, and her face marked by the touch of time; but for all that her age rests lightly upon her. Her blue eyes are keen and bright, and her voice softly modulated.

In elaborating the idea that she is under the direct guidance and influence of the spirit of Mary Queen of Scots, Lady Caithness, new high priestess of theosophy, has had the oratory of her handsome home in Paris transformed into a sanctuary for the Queen. A portrait of the unfortunate Mary, depicting her in all the splendor of her fatal beauty, stands in the canopied niche where the altar used to be, and a hidden lamp sheds a dim light around it. It is here that Lady Caithness repairs, in her moments of astral inspiration, to evoke the spirit of the departed Queen.

W. S. Gilbert's first play, the Dulcamara, brought him only thirty pounds. When the young dramatist had signed the contract and received his check from the manager, the latter turned to him and said: "Take my advice as an old stager, and never sell as good a piece as this for thirty pounds again." "I took his advice, and never have," says Mr. Gilbert. The famous playwright lives on a farm within easy reach of London, and when he leaves it it is to take a yachting cruise on the Solent. He is a man of fifty four, fastidious in his dress and inclined, now that success has made him rich, to take life easily.

The achievement of T. P. O'Connor in producing within one week a comprehensive and well written life of Parnell, is a noteworthy but by no means unexampled instance of fast literary work. Goldsmith wrote his classic Vicar of Wakefield under even greater pressure, for an officer of the law stood at his elbow to expedite matters. Marion Crawford's Mr. Isaacs was the result of a month's work; and other authors, when the frenzy was on, have exhibited remarkable bursts of speed in composition. Horace Greeley, for example, wrote his "Printer" within thirty minutes. It was composed to be read at a Press Club benefit, and Mr. Greeley rose from bed at midnight to write it, after the poet chosen for the occasion had shown himself unequal to the task.

Mistakes Girls Make With Men.

THE most interesting study of woman ankind is man; it ever has been, ever will, and ever should be so. Above all other ambitions is woman's desire to please man. Whatever else she achieves, she is dissatisfied with herself if she has not done that. Whatever else she has not achieved, she is in a great measure self-satisfied if she is popular with the stern sex.

The woman who is forever antagonizing men, who regards them as our natural enemies, to be scolded and found fault with, is quite as obnoxious to her own sex as to mank nd. We all pity or dislike her, and wonder what she expects to accomplish by such a cour e of conduct; yet many of us, who deserve to be appreciated, admired and respected by King Man, are making quite as great mistakes in one way or another, in our association with men, as this belligerent manhater makes in another.

One type of woman who makes a great mistake with men, is she who talks too much about "oppressed woman" and "tyrant man;" while others of us talk too much about "queen woman" and "slave man." Men like to call woman a queen, and declare themselves her slaves; but they are not fond of hearing too much about these relative positions of the sexes from her. The woman who incites attention, or who, by some inborn subtle charm, commands the regard of men, is one being; and the woman who demands it as her right, is another. The young lady who is forever dropping her fan, gloves, parcels and handkerchief for the pleasure of seeing her escort pick them up, thereby proving he is her slave, ceases to be a queen in the eyes of the young man ere long. The young woman who invents all sorts of laborious tasks to test her lover's devotion, makes a mistake, and learns it often to her sorrow, as did the fair lady of old who demanded the flower from the brink of the precipice, and received it together with her disillusioned lover's farewell.

So much has been said regarding the charm of a vivacious manner that many young women attempt to appear animated without any feeling of or cause for animation. Nothing is more disastrous than a forced gaiety of manner; and many a man is led to wonder uncomfortably if his tie is disarranged, or his collar crooked, when he finds his most commonplace remarks met with a senseless and perpetual laugh, while the mistaken young lady who seems to be on the verge of hysteria, imagines herself bright and animated. Animation must come from within, not from without; it cannot be assumed at will and should never be attempted. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that a quiet gravity of manner, or a serious conversation is uninteresting to men; or, that to keep them entertained it is necessary to wear a perpetual smile.

I remember once reading an absurd article. It described the efforts of a wife to please a rather fault-finding husband. Having read that a wife should always greet her husband with a smile, she assumed one as her husband's step was heard in the hall, and turned her beaming face upon him. His greeting, after a wondering glance at her face, was:

"Well, old woman, what are yer grinning at?"

I often think of this query when I see the forced effort at gaiety made by some young women in society.

Men never like gloomy or cynical women; but a quiet repose of manner pleases them as much as a strained effect of vivacity.

No greater mistake can be made with men than for a woman to boast of her success in winning hearts and proposals. It seems impossible that a woman possessed of one ray of common sense, or a particle of breeding, could do such a thing; yet it is not unusual to hear a young lady relating her conquests to a group of admirers, and laughing over the susceptibility of mankind. Though they may laugh with her they are sure to laugh about her among themselves when her back is turned. It is a mistake for a woman to ever be led into lowering her ideals because some man she loves and admires urges her to step down. He invariably curses her if she goes; while if she turns and passes above him, she hears his benediction, and eight times out of ten he follows her.

It is always a mistake for a young lady to talk to a man as if she were *blase* and widely experienced in all human emotions, frailties and faults. Many innocent and inexperienced girls adopt this manner, thinking it will render them fascinating in the eyes of men.

Men are not analytic or deep-minded enough in regard to our sex to realize that a girl who has drunk too deeply of the waters of knowledge does not talk of it. Men take us for what we seem, not for what we are. The most hardened *mondaine*, who wears a mask of frank innocence, fares better with them than the good, sweet-hearted girl who puts on *blase* airs, and pretends to be a little wicked. Men judge by appearances far more than women do, and, except in cases where women are rivals, they are less liable to condemn one another for a slight lapse of speech or conduct, than men are to condemn us.

It is also one of the mistakes which women sometimes make, to ask any favor of a gentleman which will incur the least expense for him. No matter how pressing are the circumstances, she should never take the liberty unless he is a near relative. In the various circles of American society, where it is the custom for young men to escort young ladies to theaters and other places of entertainment, it is a mistake for a young lady to ever voluntarily expatiate her fondness for the theater or the concert in his presence. It might be proper to say here, perhaps, that it is a mistake for young ladies to attend such places with young men unaccompanied by a chaperon. But, though much is said and written about the chaperon nowadays, I am willing to assert that in the whole of America there are not more than one thousand young ladies who consider the chaperon a necessity, while at least half a million very excellent young ladies are being escorted about by admiring swains every evening in the year.

It is also a mistake for a young lady to correct or scold her parents in the presence of young men, imagining they will admire her culture or courage, or that they will not notice it. I heard a wealthy and accomplished young lady at one of our noted seashore resorts severely criticized and condemned by a group of gentlemen one day, because one of them had heard her speak unkindly to her mother.

It is a mistake for a woman (wife, mother, sister or sweetheart), to make plans for the disposal of all a man's spare hours, and then expect him to enjoy himself.

It is a mistake for a woman to try to prove to men her great knowledge and superior intellect. They enjoy an intellectual woman when they discover her brightness themselves, but they do not like to have her force her brains and learning upon them.

But it is just as great a mistake to assume an air of insipidity, and expect a man to think it is charming. Men are exacting in their demands. Too much or too little brain in woman is equally offensive to them.

It is a mistake of a lifetime to give a man any liberty which you would not want known and to expect him to keep the matter a secret. The exceptional man will sometimes hide the indiscretion of a young girl who he believes spoke or acted from ignorance; but the average man, in the highest the same as in the lowest walks of life, boasts of his successes with foolish women, and the rendezvous, the letter, the embrace, or the souvenir which she has given him, thinking it will never be known to others than themselves, is shortly the matter of gossip among a dozen people.

Women hide their secrets far better than men do. They fear the censure of the world too much to share their errors or indiscretions with confidantes. But men are almost invariably vain and proud of their conquests, and relate their achievements with the fair sex to one or two admiring friends. They may not use names, but let the incidents once be told, it is an easy matter to discover the personages if one is at all curious to do so.

The only way to keep men from betraying our indiscretions is not to commit them. I once made these remarks in the presence of several ladies, and one of them replied, "that she was glad she had never been acquainted with the class of men I knew." At the same time that lady's name had been used lightly in a club room not a week previous, and her indiscreet actions had been commented on by "the class of men" she did know.

It is the worst mistake of all for a woman to think she can make no mistake. The moment that conviction enters her head she is on the highway to some grand blunder whereby she will wound, disgust or antagonize the man she most cares for. Eternal watchfulness, never-failing caution, perpetual tact, and equal quantities of pride and humility are necessary ingredients in the behavior a woman needs to use with men. This should be garnished with good sense, flavored with coquetry and served with good nature. And even then we will be liable to make some mistakes, since one man will complain of too much coquetry in the flavoring, and another will call it insipid; one will say we have too much pride to render the dish palatable, and another will complain of an overdose of humility; and still another will think we serve our conduct too cold, while his comrade will think the opposite.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Sir Edwin Arnold.

Below is a portrait of the distinguished poet and man of letters, who is now visiting America. Sir Edwin was for years editor of the London *Telegraph*, and has done all sorts of newspaper writing. In a recent interview he said he felt quite capable of "doing a fire" even now. His exposition in English of the Hindoo gospel of Buddha has gained him his greatest fame. Both The Light of Asia and Pearls of the Faith, which latter he considers his greatest work, treat of this subject. Sir Edwin lived many years in India and acquired his knowledge of Buddhism there. He says that he had studied to some extent the jugglery of the country and while many of the tricks he did not understand, none of them were in the slightest sense miraculous or unnatural. The trick of causing a plant to grow was simple. It was done on the same principle that some thimble rigging games were carried on, by a system of covers with false bottoms. All the marvellous deeds of the jugglers of which so much was written were, he said, commonplace, every-day tricks when they were investigated. His long poem telling the story of Christ and which he called The Light of the World, was not considered equal to the poetry of St. John's gospel or the accounts of the other Evangelists. His recent articles on Japan are in their way the prettiest and most delightful writing he has done. He will remain some months in America and possibly visit Toronto.

Art and Artists.

The Central Ontario School of Art and Design held its first distribution of medals and certificates recently in the Gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists, with which society the school is affiliated. The Hon. G. W. Allan, president of the school, presided and distributed the rewards to the successful students of last session. The president gave an admirable sketch of the progress of the school since its commencement last January, and spoke of the importance of the study of art to the individual, the city and to the province. After the students had received their awards Mr. W. Revell, the honorary secretary, addressed the meeting, reviewing the past work of the school and setting forth the proposed work of the future, and should the purposes of the Board of Management as represented by the addresses of president and secretary be accomplished, Toronto will have a School of Art of which we may be proud. Messrs. S. M. Jones, D. J. O'Donoghue and A. Jury addressed the meeting on the requirements of the Artizan on Art lines, and expressed their approval of the manner in which the evening classes were conducted. At the close of the proceedings the large audience dispersed themselves about the gallery, examining the collection of pictures upon the walls. The following is a list of the successful students: Mr. W. J. Beattie, silver medal and certificate for design of overmantel; John Biehn, bronze medals for drawing from life and painting from life; Miss Juliet Jowsson, Miss Edith Baldwin, Mr. S. B. Johnston, Miss Massey, Miss Howson, Miss N. C. Hughes, Miss Eva Bell-Smith, Miss Lizzie Bastedo, Miss Archer, Mr. E. A. Fennell, Mr. John Thompson, Miss F. Westacott, Mr. A. E. Wells, Miss Myrtle Brown, Miss Shannon, Miss Edith C. Wills, Miss Evelyn Beatty, Mr. F. D. Kelly, Mr. W. F. Howland, Mr. Geo. S. Stephenson, Miss Teskey.

The sale of Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles' R. C. A. pictures is announced to take place next week at Lydon's auction rooms. As Mr. Knowles is probably leaving Canada for good this sale is of special interest and though Canadians, and especially Torontonians, cannot but be sorry to lose so thorough an artist they can wish him all the success possible in a wider field, and feel confident that they cannot fail to hear of him again with a larger fame. Among Canadian water color artists Mr. Knowles stands foremost for his great breadth of treatment. There is none of the femininity about his works which so often characterizes water colorists. His sense of color grows richer and more thorough every season and in knowledge of composition he is unsurpassed in this country. He is successful where other men make failures in this department. His audaciousness in dispensing with centralization and running "in and out," is in keeping with all his work.

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The pictures to be sold next week number one hundred odd, but no matter how small the study every one is a finished picture. There are none of the half-finished sketches which so often disgrace the sales of many good artists. Though people may be loath to admit it, the frame of a picture counts for a good deal and the framing of these pictures averages ten dollars for each. They range over a great variety of subjects, many of them being of the class for which Mr. Knowles is best known, nautical pictures. But Mr. Knowles has, during the past summer, devoted his attention to inland scenes, and as a result there are two very fine water-colors of the kind on exhibition. There are, No. 42, Where the River Flows Between the Meadow's Green with sheep, and No. 85, They Were Sent for the Cows with two children picking wild flowers while the cows loiter slowly home in the background. The animal drawing in both of these pictures is particularly noticeable. The twilight and atmosphere are managed with grace and beauty as in all Mr. Knowles' pictures. Nos. 60, Are You Ready, and No. 101, Kelp Gathering, are large typical pictures, well known to the public. No. 50, Wolfe's Cove, Quebec, is a grand one, large, well done, and beautifully colored. There are also many beautiful surf pieces, and Nos. 57 and 67, Summer Dawn and Threatening Weather, are two land pieces which show what fineness of touch and softness of treating greens the artist has attained during the past year. As has been said, all the pictures are finished work, and in mentioning the few named one is merely trying to select types. The sale will be altogether one of the greatest art events the city has seen.

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I learn that Mr. Carl Ahrens, R. C. A., has been appointed instructor of the Hamilton art class, which Miss Munts presided over until her departure for study abroad. Toronto, I am glad to say, will not lose Mr. Ahrens altogether, as he will probably work in Toronto and divide his time between the two cities. The pupils of Miss Muntz have done well in finding so able a successor to her. The geniality of Mr. Ahrens' temperament and his devotion to his art cannot fail to bring forth good results. CHAD.

THE DRAMA OF A LIFE.

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM,

Author of "John Winthrop's Defeat," "The Stain on the Glass," "Under Ban," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NOVELIST'S VISITOR.

Walker Paling, the popular novelist, was sitting at his desk. He was putting the finishing touches to a manuscript, and was well pleased with himself for his work. He knew as well as his readers knew when he had completed a good work, and he did not hypocritically belittle his power and claim for it a lower standard than he had set it in his mind.

Walker Paling was not by any means a handsome man. Sitting at his desk with the broad light from the window upon him, he would have been a very ordinary-looking man but for his clear blue eyes and unusually fine sensitive mouth, under a drooping iron-gray mustache. As he arranged the papers and tied them up ready for typewriter copying, the strong light and movement showed that his hands were also remarkable for their long, slender fingers and well developed wrist muscles.

It was early spring, and the silence of the room was disturbed by occasional street cries, and the flurry of dust, as the dying winds of March scurried through the city, penetrating even through closed windows. The rumble of passing carriages and sound of countless footsteps upon the pavement came up to him also. His suite of rooms in the Fifth Avenue Hotel proved that his popularity was not solely fame, but fortune, also. Everything for comfort that money could buy was about him. He was undoubtedly a successful novelist.

When the manuscript was neatly arranged for the further machine-copying, Walker Paling summoned a messenger to carry it to a type-writing office, and when the boy had gone, Paling laid aside his professional air of preoccupation, and passed into his smoking-room for a cigar and a mental revision of this work just from his hand and brain.

In his crimson dressing-gown and slippers, and the smoking-cap upon his head, stretched at full length in his luxurious lounging chair, with his blue eyes half closed, half gazing through clouds of pale-gray smoke, he was the picture of ease and contentment. But Walker Paling was not contented.

He was satisfied with his work; he knew that it was good and would bring him a fair share of fame and money; but in his degree his thoughts wandered from his ideal. Six months ago—he remembered it as though it were but yesterday—a woman had helped him with his last published novel. She had not only helped him as any woman could with careful criticism and the manual work of revision, but had gone beyond such boundaries and had thought and worked out the situations and fairly imbued him with her thoughts and plans.

He knew that that strange blending of thought and plot, heat and cold, weakness and strength was not one-half his own. The pages that had stirred many hearts, that had wakened interest and argument and conjecture regarding the author, and that had placed him in undisputed right to the title of the most popular of writers, had many times been half the strange, beautiful, fiery woman who murmured the words in his ear, who moved his hand by her subtle power of command, who willingly devoted many nights of hard work to its perfection.

A strange woman, a marvelous woman, this one, who seemed to pour her own life and vitality into the pages of his romances. Very beautiful in form and feature; charming in manner when she willed; a queen of fascination when roused; intense in her love and hate; gracious, compelling admiration or repelling, as she would; as fiery-hearted as the wild March wind scurrying through the streets below.

She had, unsought, given him her love or fancy or passing thought; as he knew her better he failed to decide which it might be. He did not love her, had never loved her, but her mental qualities commanded his admiration. There had been much of mutual interest to talk about and to strengthen friendship upon their earlier acquaintance.

Perhaps her broad idea of life and love were rather startling, to the man used to the quiet lives and the one trail of ideas of conventional life, but if so, she was the more fascinated by the time with her own fierce views.

In that way she daily gained more power over him by this personal magnetism and personality that overbalanced his, and caused his individual thought to become in some strange manner her thought. So she suggested their joint authorship of a novel to go under his name alone and spurred him on to the effort, the commencement and end of one of his most successful works. This established beyond doubt his place among popular novelists, and brought him plenty of wealth.

Moreover, this strange, fierce, magnetic woman gave him her heart. He had never asked it; he did not desire it, for he half feared her in her spasmodic moods of tragedy; but as in all else, her mental power was superior or stronger than his, and he accepted her love.

Her wealth, inherited from her parents, both of whom were dead, he, as exceedingly poor, and this she was reckless with after she went away with him. She cared nothing for her home in her brother's house; she hated her brother with the intense unreasoning hatred of her nature, because he was nobler of character than she; she did not so much love her lover as she delighted to know that he was her and thought yielded to her own. Power was an essential element of her life. With her lover she employed it successfully and well.

Then she tired of him. Her intense life, made up of thought and discussion of strange problems that seemed born of this very intensity of thought, told upon her health and health after a while. She would sometimes go away by herself for days, and he would not know of her whereabouts, but she would leave quietly when he was away or asleep, and leave no trace of her destination. No one questioned her at such times, for every one feared as well as admired her, this successful novelist's wife.

When she returned from these strange absences she would be in a condition of mental and physical exhaustion, that bordered closely upon insanity. He was even at last forced to the opinion of a physician, Dr. Oldham, regarding this condition. No one knew of their peculiar relations to each other; this savage, beautiful woman was the wife of the novelist and could go whither she would. His name carried her anywhere, and her wealth was independent of his.

Paling believed that insanity was in her blood, and felt grateful for fear of some revenge; but he went at last to Dr. Oldham for a decision. Dr. Oldham had known her for many years, and admired her intensely, some men whispered that he more than admired her; but if this were true, she gave him only her quiet friendship. And Dr. Oldham had assured him that there was nothing wrong with the woman's mind save excessive intensity of thought and a spirituality bordering upon the marvelous.

Of all these things Walker Paling was thinking as he sat smoking in his luxurious chair, with half-closed eyes, for she had been absent now for four weeks; visiting her friends out of the city his friends believed. He knew nothing of where she was, or if she were living or dead. She left him in her usual sudden fashion, leaving no trace save a scented note upon his dressing-case, telling him that she would never return, that her love was gone, and that she held nothing but hate for him in her heart. He was startled by the fierceness of this note, but he had never loved her, and her absence was a positive relief.

For four weeks she had been absent, and he began to hope that she would be true to her word and never return. He had done wonderful work under her power, but he never felt that it was truly his own, or that the commendation which he received upon it belonged to him. Down in his soul he ran her designed himself for his individuality to maintain his individuality rather than to be guided by this half-mad woman's whim.

This just completed work was, therefore, doubly satisfying to him, knowing that it was in every sense his own—plot and character and scene—word for word. He knew its perfections and imperfections. He was as capable of criticizing his own work as that of another. This was not so weird or intense in description as those former novels with the touch of madness along the pages, but it was more fascinating from its truth and life-like characters and situations.

He was very pleased with it. He was proud of it and anxious that it should get into the hands of a publisher as soon as possible, that the public should know what he could do, a though no one guessed of the power behind his former work.

"It is very remarkable," he argued with himself, watching with lazy eyes the twisting and curling of the smoke from his cigar, "where she has gone. She must have squandered the greater part of her fortune during these strange absences. I am half convinced, in spite of Oldham or any other physician, that it is a peculiar weakness of the brain that she owes these spells of acute perception and half-fendish imagination. I am sure that Oldham himself recommended to me that she should continue when I desire to write a really strong novel, and I may be that Olive sustains belief in its power, calling it, in the peculiar beliefs of the drug, the power of spiritualism and hypnotism. If this is so, her absences, her abstinence from food and her half-dead face and manner are explained for.

"In that way, too, she could easily squander fortunes. Her mind is marvelous; but it she yields to the use of this drug from time to time of necessity, and sooner than one with less sensitiveness, fall a victim to insanity. She must weaken under its influence sooner or later. That is the insanity of spiritualism, as she and Oldham declare, is all bosh. There is no more spiritualism about her moods than there is about the moon.

"It may not be loyal to acknowledge, but I am infinitely relieved that she has gone. She was growing too tigerish for me to always be able to well in a novel, and any amount of ink-blood is quite harmless, but there was something about her before she left that suggested murder and bloodshed in real life. It was just a trifle too ghastly for me."

His cigar was burned down to ashes, and Paling arose, with a few moments of idle lounging, and passed into his dressing room. There were calls, and an engagement to luncheon, and a drive in the afternoon with Miss Fitzgerald, the pretty young artist, and social life would claim him for the remainder of the day.

His toilet was another of his fastidious luxuries, and he would allow nothing to disturb him or intrude upon him at that time. But this morning he intruded upon him—fate, in the form of a woman.

A light rap sounded on the door of his sitting-room adjoining his dressing-room, and as his valet announced no visitors he supposed it was his master, he entered as one who determined upon one errand and oblivious to all else. He closed the door behind him and leaned heavily against the door, not at first recognizing her; but she disconcerted him with her white face and her fierce glittering eyes and haughty manner.

"Mr. Paling is engaged," murmured Downing, endeavoring to be faithful to his duties.

"Yes," said the woman coldly; "I think you do not know me, Downing. Well! I shall go to him at once. He will see me!"

Walker Paling heard her voice, and his mute gesture was perfect in its despair. He feared her, yet he had not the willpower to be free from her influence. He knew that her influence was evil, that her touch upon his work gave it a lawless freedom of thought that was not just to himself, and a disregard of conventionality that depressed him. Had it not been cowardly, he could have found it in his heart to have fled from her and hidden himself.

He could not in her presence do more than view the peculiarly magnetic face and fierce eyes and voice. He turned to the doorway now, knowing that she was crossing the room toward him, and the pallor upon his face proved his intense excitement.

She was very beautiful, pausing in the doorway. Her hair was white, but not with years. Her eyes were soft and far away in expression. For an instant, as they rested upon him, a gleam like fire touched them and died out, leaving them paler in color than before. Her face was quite white, almost dead white; but she was still very beautiful. When she spoke, the sweetness of her voice stirred him to admiration.

"You may leave us, Downing," Paling said, desirous that no one save himself should hear what she might say. Sometimes, on her return from these absences, her moods were terrible.

CHAPTER XVII.

HER ERRAND.

I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
—*Dryden.*

"I have returned," she said.

"Yes;" he replied quietly, his eyes irresistibly drawn and held by hers; "I see, Olive. You look fatigued. Will you not be seated?"

A shadow of scorn crossed her face as he placed a chair for her. Her height was equal with his, and she was a magnificent woman in physique. Her face was white and wan from long physical illness or mental suffering, but she carried herself with so much grace and pride that weakness was not noticeable in her.

"I will not be seated," she said coldly. "I thought when I left you that I should never come back. But I have come. I was impelled to come, because of a great work I have for you to do. I have been very ill. I do not desire your sympathy," her lifted hand silencing the words upon his lips. "Do not think that I come for that! There are those who would give it me should I desire; I do not. Sympathy is the world's coin for hypocrisy. Downing has gone? That is well. What I have to say is between ourselves. I have been ill—starving—friendless here in this very city where your fame makes you great, and you would not come to me.

"How could I go to you," he queried, mechanically, "when I did not know where you were, Olive?"

"But you should have known!" she cried, vehemently, a flame in her eyes as she spread out her hands with a fierce gesture, "I knew where you were. There is nothing about you that I have not known during my absence. You know that I see what others do not and cannot see, and I have watched you constantly."

He believed that she had watched him in some strange manner with the cunning of insanity, but he dared not question her. She was a fury when roused; but as to her spirituality—he smiled, thinking of it.

"Suppose I know that I speak the truth, Walker Paling," she said. "When I see and know truth why should I utter lies? Listen: I have come back, as I said, that you may do a great work for me—a mighty work—one that will startle the world, and prove to those who doubt that fatality works its own ends and sin punishes itself. It will color your life and mine; it shall lead to the settling of old scores and heal old wounds and bring us magnificent fortune. You finished a novel manuscript today. No doubt it is good, for your hand is strong with the pen. It is your own, and your conceit leads you to believe it the best work you have done. It is nothing compared to the words I shall put in your brain. They shall burn there, and burn into the hearts of your readers, as you never have."

Walker Paling knew that the influence of her eyes was upon him. He knew from past experience that this work she desired him to undertake would be done by his hand and under his name. From her manner he believed that this work would be a mad romance exceeding their former work. He did not like the thought. This novel just completed was his own; no fiery brain had set his pen ablaze, and he was certain that it would meet with favor. He had begun to feel that he was free from this subtle woman's power and idle of her presence; and now she stood in his doorway, wearing his name before the world, weaving her spells once more about him.

He knew this, and struggled against it in vain. A sudden sensation of suffocation possessed him. He turned to the window to raise the sash, but she anticipated him. She crossed the space between them and laid her hand upon his arm, her eyes upon his.

"Be seated," she said, commandingly, as one speaks to an obstinate child.

He obeyed mechanically. It seemed to him that his will power had gone out to her in spite of his struggle.

"I cannot do this work for you now, Olive," he said; and his voice betrayed mingled helplessness and rebellion. "I have worked hard on this other novel. I must have rest. I am not like you to endure all things."

He attempted a smile, but it was a forlorn failure. The contemplated work of her hands and the thin, curled lips were her only answer for a moment. Then she said, quietly:

"No; you are not like me, Walker Paling. Were you as I am—had you one half my power—what marvelous work we might do! But you lack faith; you lack the inner percepion—the finer uplifting of thought that pierces the fire of heaven—and your heart is cold. What do I care that you have worked hard on your novel? You shall be mine, she will give me power. My brains shall electrify yours; my thoughts inspire your pen. What lies behind the veil of mortal eyes? What has society to do with spirituality?"

"And what has spirituality to do with society?" retorted Paling, in a last desperate effort to shake off her power. "I tell you, Olive, that I cannot do this for you now. I will not! I will no longer endure——"

She stooped suddenly over him as he leaned back in his chair looking up to her, and laid one cold, firm hand upon his lips. Her eyes had grown black and flashing and her face colorless.

"You must endure much—you must endure whatever is written in heaven for you to endure!" she said, coldly. "You are no better than I, no better than the rest of the world, to endure what lies for you in the future. I know what is in the world outside of myself, the spirit land and of the future of those spirits still in the flesh came to me since I have been ill. I could tell you if I would, but I will not. It might startle you to see the stain upon the curtain hiding your life to come. Who knows but this work of ours may contain such strange things to you that I cannot reveal in words? There is a fulfillment more than the amusement of your readers in the accomplishment of this work! And fortune, too—magnificent fortune!

"I cannot help it," he said, rather weakly, pushing her hand aside with a gesture. "I can tell you, Olive, now. I cannot even talk longer upon the subject. I have an engagement at one, and must go. You will pardon me, I know, that it is unavoidable."

She lifted her head like an infuriated queen. Her eyes were blazing.

"I will have you no longer from your social duties—now," she said, passionately. "But when you have done with them I shall come to you, and you will do my work! I shall be here to-morrow morning at eleven. Make no engagements for the day. You shall not fail me."

"But," ventured Paling, uneasily, "how strange it will look for you to go away—so—and come back to-morrow! Either remain here or let me go to you wherever you are stopping——"

Her eyes silenced him.

"What do I care for conventionality?" she said, with a movement of her slim hands as though she were pushing aside all such claims upon her. "What do I care what people think! I go, as I always go, where I will. I return to-morrow. Be prepared for my work. My work is nothing to the world until they have it before them in the pages of a novel. Have I suffered on the borderland of heaven, have I communicated with innumerable spirits in order that the right way may be clear, to be outdone by the claims of society? Have my spirit actually deserted my body to wander in space with other bodiless spirits in searching for the perfect explanation of my mission of this work and its uses, to be crushed by you? There is nothing shall daunt me in this. I shall grant you breathing space, you earthly, earthly spirit, but to-morrow you shall yield your time and talents to me and my great work. Until then, farewell."

She turned away and left him with no further word, passing out as quietly as she had entered, closing the door behind her with a muffled click of the lock. For a moment Paling sat motionless and silent, staring at the door that had closed upon her as though all volition had gone from him and he were helpless now that she was gone.

There was a peculiar pallor and vacancy upon his face, and he looked like a man not yet wakened from a nightmare of sleep. After a few moments, however, he seemed startled from his feet and passed into the outer room. Here, on a stand, was a tray with wine and glasses upon it, and pouring a little of the liquor into a glass, he drank it. This, reviving him, he summoned Downing to attend him.

It was now too late to make the calls which he had planned, but he had an engagement for luncheon, and in the afternoon drove out with pretty Miss Fitzgerald. But Walker Paling pulled upon himself, for more than a few minutes at a time forget that other strange appointment to be kept upon the following day. It grew into a horror, but he could not shake it off. He tried to be gay, but his gaiety was forced, and he was himself unnatural.

They drove in the Park, he and the pretty young artist, and the day was charming, if rather chilly for spring, and he should have utterly forgotten all things disagreeable, but he could not. He and Miss Fitzgerald with a party of friends went to the theater that evening, and the play was good, but the tragical scenes of his own life dulled the play.

His last thought that night was of the morrow and the woman who had appointed a meeting with him. When she were upon leaving him he could not conjecture, but that she would return at the time stated he was certain. From her face and voice and manner he knew that her illness had tended to increase rather than to soften her peculiarity of mind; and if this work which she had in view were really more intense and dramatic than their former work together, he would gladly escape connection with it; and yet he knew—he frankly acknowledged to himself—that he could not escape.

He knew the woman's power and his own many futile attempts to resist it. Her personal magnetism, mesmerism, hypnotism—whatever it was called—combined with her intense imagination and fine sense of the spiritual, made her a dangerous woman to a man like himself. Sleep and daylight came before he closed his eyes in sleep, and still he argued and came to no conclusion save that he must submit to fate. He did not understand the slight, and he could never resort to that. His will, indeed, was weak when her almost superhuman power dominated, but his manhood refused to yield to cowardice.

And by and by pretty Miss Fitzgerald's face and level eyes and soft, womanly manner came to him in dreams, and stood out strongly contrasted by this other woman's passionate voice and face.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WEAVING THE CURTAIN.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.
—*Festus.*

Eleven muffled strokes of the hammer from the hideous clock on the tower, and Walker Paling started nervously, as though the gilded hammer struck upon his brain instead of the intricate inner machinery of Time's representative. He was sitting alone in his study, with his manuscript paper and pen and ink before him, waiting for the arrival of his visitor. For he knew that she would come, he was certain.

The reverberation of the clock's hammer had not died away, when a light rap on the door of the sitting-room announced her arrival. He was certain that it was she, and he rose to admit her. He had discreetly dismissed Downing for the day or until summoned, knowing that it was necessary for him to receive her alone.

She was his equal in height, and as the door swung back and she entered, her eyes met his heavily, and the latent fire within them startled him. He stepped aside, closing the door behind her, and, after the simplest courteous salutation, they passed together into his private room.

She seated herself at once behind his desk, drawing a writing-pad and pen close to her hand, as if anticipating her work session and wraps until he gently removed them for her, when she glanced up indifferently. He knew that would be useless to expostulate with her, and sat down himself in grave silence.

"It is as well that you were not prepared for me yesterday," she said coldly, slowly drawing off her gloves, as a long pause had lasted matured my thoughts and plans, and ripened suggestion to clear detail.

"And your plot?" he asked, as coldly as she had spoken, restlessly brushing aside the paper before him, feeling her burning eyes upon him. "What is it, Olive? I must have the outline before we begin."

She laughed shortly and rather scornfully as she dipped the pen in the ink and carefully cleared all the ink from the point of one of the cut-glass receiver. But she did not take her eyes from his face.

"I am your guide and yours," she said, intensely; "it is mine, Walker Paling! The great novelist shall have the world's honor for it, but in his heart he shall remember that it belongs truly to a woman, and to a woman who is trampled under his careless feet! You shall be but my workman and build the fabric whose architecture is mine. And when it is finished the world will cry that the blood was fire and the brain mad that could fashion such a plot; but we will laugh, knowing that is not true! Were it possible, I would accomplish this work without the aid of any one; but this I cannot do, for the world would laugh at me and scorn my body.

"You being a man and a novelist in favor, the work will be read as any weird book is read. It is not necessary that it will pass muster. That will develop as we go on. All that is required of you is to obey my will. It must be worked out strong and well, so as to melt the hearts of those who read it and with deep sympathy. It must move them to like deeds, or it is useless."

Walker Paling would have given half his fortune to be free from her power, but he knew that he would finally yield, and was helpless. Was this the man before the steady, flaming eyes of this woman? He was deadly pale, and at first his hand was weak as he took up his pen and turned his face reluctantly but surely here.

But now that he was ready, her interest seemed to die away. She sat with one arm resting upon the desk, the pen held ready for immediate use, but her face and eyes vacant as though life had died.

Paling was familiar with this change in her at times, and betrayed no emotion save extreme attention to her look and voice.

"Modena's story is strange," she began by and by, as though reviving from her long inertitude; but her listener knew that the manuscript was started and mechanically took down her words.

A strange story, indeed, and as it progressed under the woman's powerful influence and intellect, even the man whose work was produced thereby, felt a strange interest in it, and felt a half vague horror upon him. Still he was forced to continue; still his knowledge of her power was strong, until the colored his own brain, and he could scarcely distinguish whether it were her work or his own.

Physical fatigue seemed impossible to her. She sat as easily, uttering in her softly modulated voice the words that were set down in ink under her companion's fingers, so to end in intense fire in the world, to read, as though it were but the conversation of any ordinary day.

It was not only a strange story, but the manner of its composition was also remarkable. Paling knew it, but he was completely under her will-power, and even his horror of the mad romance could not change the fact of being into his mind that he feared her. He believed that she would not hesitate to work evil to him should he successfully resist her mental power.

Through the entire day they did not leave the room, did not leave their positions at the desk. The woman was apparently indifferent to physical weariness or the demands of hunger, and the man was passively responsive to her words and thoughts. At times she did not utter speech, and yet he continued indefatigably, as though he were endowed with her will and mind. He had made no engagements, knowing that it would be useless, and declined all invitations under the plea of pressing work, in consequence of which they were undisturbed throughout that day.

All night they worked on, and still neither betrayed any sign of fatigue, save that Paling was deadly pale and the woman's eyes were glowing with some fierce mental fire. For three days and nights these two worked on unceasingly. No meals were served to them. No one was admitted. She would allow nothing to come between her mad woman romance and her power over her fellow worker. As he grew physically weak from this fasting and overwork, her will was marvelous upon his mind. He hourly grew more and more possessed with the spirit of his work, and acquired a half-alive expression after that first day and night in the quiet rooms with his strange companion.

Still, he never seemed to tire, never to lose interest in the work that was to prove a marvelous romance—to him as real as life.

When the manuscript was completed in rough out and copied, and the more trying brain-work was over, Paling was conscious of a thought exhausted that he had not the power to rise from his desk, and the woman, triumphant in her success, with her strange, half-mad disorder, had strength assisted him to a couch, from which he did not rise save to be removed to his bed.

For two weeks he was like one in delirious fever, wild with visions of the brain, stricken with remorse for the work which he believed that he had done in place of the hero of their romance, who came to him in his illness as a ghost of himself and tormented him like a devil, always accompanied by a silent, beautiful woman, with soft, snowy hair, and eyes of flame that burned into his soul the meaning that the lips refused to utter.

For two weeks he remained in this dangerous condition bordering upon insanity, cared

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Bimble's Newspaper.

Euripides Bimble had been keeping school in a northern county of New Hampshire, way back in "the days before the War." He had been regarded as a man of wondrous learning; and, truth to tell, he had managed to pick up a goodly stock of general information. He had presided at Town Meeting, and had spoken in the religious meeting, and he had kept school creditably; but the thing that gave fame was reached when it was found that "Euripides," who had written those stirring political articles for the *Patriot*, was none other than the veritable Euripides Bimble of the Great Interval. Bimble was proud, and yet Bimble was modest. Bimble felt his dignity, and yet he was unassuming. Bimble could write most bitter things in his far away garret, but face to face with his political opponents he was mildness and goodness personified. In short, Euripides Bimble was a great man upon the rustic banks of Lost River, and his unsophisticated admirers doubted not that he would weigh heavily anywhere.

One autumn day, in the '60's, Walter Effingham came home from the far west, on a visit to his relatives upon the Lost River. Effingham had performed wonders out west. He had bought land and built mills and made money, and he was loud in the praise of the great west. He and Bimble had been schoolmates in the other years and were friends still.

"Bimble!" cried Effingham, slapping his friend upon the back, "I have just the thing for you at Scalpers' Bluff. Come with me and publish a paper!"

Euripides caught his breath at the idea. Did Effingham mean that he—Bimble—Euripides Bimble—should edit the paper—should have sole management of its columns?

Yes, Effingham meant just that thing. A few of the business men of Scalpers' Bluff had bought type and press, and all necessary materials for a good printing office. They had a capable printer already at work on jobs; but they wanted to start a paper—a paper that should open up a knowledge to the world of the immense resources and natural advantages of Scalpers' Bluff and Wild Bottom country—and to that end they must have a competent editor. Bimble snapped at the bait, and when Walter Effingham returned to the West, Euripides Bimble accompanied him.

The paper was quickly started, the business men of the place furnishing capital, while Bimble pledged the necessary amount of brain, and it was called the *Scalpers' Bluff Bulletin*. The paper was at the outset a thing of an important political contest, and Bimble's sympathies quickly led him to espouse the right. Among his political opponents was a man of Wild Bottom, named Cutter Wopper, who was a candidate of the Disruptionists for representative. Bimble learned from reliable authority that Wopper was a drunken, worthless fellow, who had been twice convicted of horse stealing in a neighboring state, and whose only recommendation to public favor was that he spent his ill-gotten gains from gambling quite freely among his lawless companions.

Bimble learned all this, and straightway he gave Cutter Wopper the benefit of an article just one column in length, in which said Cutter Wopper was served up most elaborately—served up with about as much dressing of spice and peppery, pungent condiment as it is possible to plaster upon the character of a single individual. Bimble had learned the trade in New Hampshire.

The article created a sensation.

"If Bimble's got the pluck to back that up, it'll kill Wopper, sure," said an adherent of the Hight Side.

Bimble didn't know then exactly what "backing up" meant in the Scalpers' Bluff parlance. He knew that in a Northern county he would have backed up the article by substantiating his charges; and Bimble was prepared to do now. He was a public servant and he would deal justly—he was a conservator of the public good, and he would expose the wrong as all hands do.

One day Bimble sat in his office and a man entered—a man over six feet high and framed like a buffalo bull—a man clad in wolf skin, with bowie-knife and pistols in his girdle.

"Is the editor here?" asked the man.

"I am the editor," said Bimble.

The stranger smiled until his brown face was corrugated like the bark of a hemlock tree. Then he pulled a copy of the *Scalpers' Bluff Bulletin* from his pocket and spread it open.

"I've come to see 'bout this yere article on Cutter Wopper,' he resumed. "I s'pose you write it?"

Bimble acknowledged the authorship.

"Waal—now that ain't exactly the shoo, old hoss. I'm Cutter Wopper—I am the cocks. This yer thing may hurt me. I want ye to write a piece different. I'd like for ye just to say in yer next paper that ye was entirely mistaken about Cutter Wopper. Can ye do it?"

"Really, sir," said Bimble, somewhat puzzled, "I cannot——"

"I can!" interrupted the cyclop, extending a hand that was like the paw of a grizzly bear, "we won't have no words about it. I shall be here next week for the paper, the honest thing and print it. I won't take no offence. But if ye'd rather back that yere article up with somethin' o' this sort," patting the weapons at his side, "I'm ready for that, and it'll be all right. I'm in town every week—and I'll call agin. Good-bye, sir."

Cutter Wopper departed, and Euripides Bimble reflected. It was a bitter pill, but discretion told him to take it. He made further inquiries concerning Mr. Wopper, and he discovered that he had not before learned half of that man's bold and reckless wickedness. He would as lief shoot or knife a man as to eat.

In the end Bimble sat down and wrote as his instinct of self-preservation dictated. He was sorry if he had done injustice to "our fellow citizen," Mr. Cutter Wopper. In what he had written in his previous issue he had been misled by the calumniating reports of others; but he was now obliged to state that, from author ity which ought to be reliable, he had learned that his impressions of Mr. Wopper had been false, and that he had inadvertently done the gentleman great injustice.

On the following week Mr. Wopper ordered two hundred copies of the paper for circulation in the Wild Bottom district; and a month later he was elected to the legislature.

Bimble made up his mind that he was not cut out for a political leader in such a country, and he resolved to confine himself to matters of general interest, and to cultivate, if possible, a literary taste in the community of Scalpers' Bluff. Bad as it was, he should be at home. Here he could wield his critic's pen without fear of such interlopers as Mr. Cutter Wopper.

For a time things went quite smoothly, though the patrons began to complain that the paper was growing tame and water-y. One day Bimble received, by mail, an original poem for publication. It was entitled, Lines to My Sally, and was the most execrable thing he had ever seen in point of—shocking bad taste in composition and in sentiment, and as innocent of all knowledge of English grammar as the wall of a wolf. It was sig ed "Elizzy."

A brilliant idea popped into Bimble. In his next issue he published a series of "Notices to Correspondents," in which he alluded to Lines to My Sally, in terms that made the verses brilliant and pathetic produce tions he had ever read. It was a literary jewel from the mine of genius. He was sorry that he had not room for it in his present issue. What could transcend in touching pathos these lines:

"On a rock set sta', lookin' gud sout' tar ste;
Ain't she a tumsy, and a lower lip hang in?"

But he must forbear. If the poem was ever to be published it must not be mutilated by present extracts.

Bimble smiled when he had written the article, and he smiled again when he read it in proof. He regarded it as excessively funny, and he had no doubt but that his readers would do the same.

A few days thereafter Bimble sat again in his sanctum when the outer door was opened, and a man entered, who might have been a ghost of the giant Blunderbore, if he had not been too substantial for a spectre. He was tall and gaunt, dressed in catamount skins, and when he spoke his voice sounded like the rumbling of falling rocks.

"What's the editor?" he asked.

Bimble nodded and said he was the man.

"Good!" rumbled the stranger. "I'm glad I've hit on you. It does me good to see ye."

Bimble thanked him.

"I happened daown an' I thought I'd call."

Bimble invited the man to be seated, but the offer was declined.

"I'm hyer to see 'bout the piece I writ."

"The piece, sir—that you wrote?"

"Yaas—the piece 'bout the Wild Bottom Grizzly, folks call me on the river. I writ the piece to 'My Sally.' You say sumth'n 'bout it in yer last paper, and Cut Wopper says he thinks you was puttin' it on me—stuffin'—when ye said 'twas 'brilliant and pathetic,' an' 'a jewel from the mine o' genius.' That's what Wopper says—an' I thought I'd jest drop in and see how 'twas."

"Merey!" cried Bimble, "how could I have been so misunderstood?"

"Then ther' wa'n't no stuffin' 'bout it?"

"Certainly not."

"Cause, if there had been, I'd just a let you see that I ken tote a bowie knife or a pistol better n' I ken a pen. But, Mr. Bimble, p'raps ye'd jest show fair by publishin' that yer piece. I'd like for Sal Wopper to see it in print; and her brother, Cut, would like it, too."

"Sally is a sister of our fellow-citizen, Cutter Wopper, Esquire?"

"Yaas—an' that's w'at made Cut so quick to set me on yer trail. I reckon you'll print the bull on it, won't ye?"

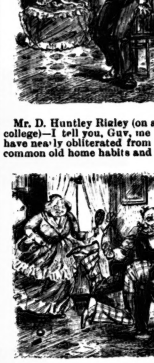
"Certainly—with pleasure. I will do anything, my dear sir, to oblige a friend of our respected fellow citizen, Cutter Wopper."

"All right. Good bye, sir."

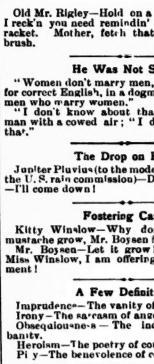
"Good bye."

Euripides Bimble did not remain at Scalpers' Bluff to issue another number of the *Bluff Bulletin*. He did not like the constituency. He did not deem that a man of his temperament could do himself justice in the chair editorial where he was had to play second part to the pistol and bowie knife, and where a brain was good for nothing unless backed up by muscle. Bimble is now teaching school in his native state; and when he wishes to exhibit to his scholars a striking illustration of the blessings of education which they enjoy, as compared with the benighted condition of men in the western wilds, he shows to them the original manuscript of the poem by "The Wild Bottom Grizzly."

A Re-Introduction.



Mr. D. Huntley Rieley (on a visit home from college)—I tell you, Guy, me new associations have nearly obliterated from me mind all the common old home habits and customs, and—



Old Mr. Rigley—Hold on a minnit, my son. I reck'n you need remindin' of one old home habit. Mother, fetch that horn back hairbrush.

He Was Not Sure.

"Women don't marry men," said the stickler for correct English, in a dogmatic tone. "It is men who marry women."

"I don't know about that," commented a man with a cowed air; "I don't know about that."

The Drop on Him.

Jupiter Pluvius (to the modern Davy Crockett, the U. S. rain commission)—Don't shoot, colonel—I'll come down!

Fostering Care.

Kitty Winslow—Why don't you let your mustache grow, Mr. Boysen?

Mr. Boysen—Let it grow! Why, my dear Miss Winslow, I am offering it every inducement!

A Few Definitions

Imprudence—The vanity of audacity.
Irony—The sarcasm of anger.
Obsequiousness—The indiscretion of urbanity.
Heroism—The poetry of courage.
Pity—The benevolence of contempt.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not considered. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

"L."—I have heard nothing of the sketch you mention. As it was not addressed to me, I never saw or supplied about it. Probably it has either been inserted or returned long since.

BERT.—Your friend's delineation appeared in its turn. It is quite useless asking me to disturb the order of my answers, though two out of three of my correspondents persist in doing so. In case you have anything not to know, and I will study your writing with pleasure.

HIRA BOYNE.—1. No, I do not approve of it, and many share my objections. 2 Your writing shows deliberation, love of fun, ease and perseverance, some intuitive perception, rather a sharp speech, though your heart is worse than your bite, for you are forgiving and generous.

TEMPERANCEVILLE.—Writing shows cavious impulse and love of ease. Some idealizing, lack of balance, large self-esteem, a capricious will and uncertain temper. It is the sign of an undisciplined nature with large capabilities of good, but marred by indifference and lack of ambition. Brace up! Brace up!

HAR.—Your writing carries out the opinion of your friends. It betrays wit and curiosity. At the same time wit, ambition, originality, good perseverance, rather a careless and impulsive nature, with rather prejudical judgment and love of display are shown. Back-handwriting mars any study, its significance is never good.

HAYALIE.—It is light and shadow, smiles and tears, sympathetic and idealistic, full of ambition and destined to rise, delicately tactful, rather wilty, good-tempered and refined. It lacks, of course, decision, perseverance and care for details. How could those solid virtues weigh down such a bunch of laziness. Natalie, I will be that!

EDNA B.—1. Ask your druggist for an astringent wash, and use night and morning. Tell the druggist what you require it for. 2. Your writing shows suitability, misplaced zeal, and misdirected effort. What are you aiming at anyway, Edna? You have desire for success, can follow, and perseverance, but have generally correct judgment.

QUEEN OF THE MAY.—Here is a jolly, adaptable, stirring character, with enough perseverance and good temper to reach school. I think that your writing would be satisfied always with that sort of work, though, she is affectionate, apt to be capricious, a little conceited not too generous, a live woman, with great capacity for social enjoyment.

LAKE.—You are merry, kindhearted, determined, and very strong in likes and dislikes, over generous and hasty in speech, fond of life's good things, and enjoying the life of your circle. I think that you make a jill, and that the male *nous de plume* indicates, in harmony with certain paragraphs of your letter, a rather strong for Jacks in general, and a caprice in dealing therewith.

NAYA.—This hand is very studied and I don't think thoroughly formed, but the ladylike being evant of deliberate effort and an entire lack of marked characteristics, amiability, generosity, characteristic or want of method, a tendency to impulsiveness, lots any imagination, some perseverance and truthfulness are shown, but it were impossible to make a good judgment on such material.

GIPSIE.—You are idealistic and imaginative, rather loqu cious, and with a smart tongue and temper, I am sorry to say you are also rather self-conceited, but you are not what I should select as an absentminded study. However, two of the traits above have your open to suspicion, Gipsie. Your writing shows the winning curves of sympathy, tact and gentleness, but you are rather a bossy, wilful, and self-willed, and probably be a leader rather than a follower in the procession.

UNSIGNEGASS.—This correspondent favors me with three studies, one in black ink, one in blue ink, and one in red, one night hand study. The first is palsied as one might expect, but the general traits of the others are similar. Ambitious, self-will, curiosity, persistence, a kindly temper, but an impulsive nature, ready to forgive and forget, sensitive, easily hurt, generous, fond of fun, and self esteem make up a character, apt to call forth affection and consideration from the opposite sex, and a good fellow feeling from man and woman.

MINERVA.—This writing shows lack of perception and imagination, but a decidedly level head. The writer does not stop to minutiae and has rather hastily formed opinions, lacks artistic taste, though may fancy she possesses it. Would be hard to deceive, but would be easily induced by sarcasm or ridicule, lacks snap and decision, though seldom makes a miscalculation, is doubtless scrupulous, honest and thoroughly conscientious, really she's be liable to put her foot in it. The hand of a woman who could endure a great deal and not show pain.

OSSWAY.—I hope you have not grown tired waiting! Your very beautiful and delicate writing shows great refinement, some imagination, a lovable disposition, and a bright and rather good temper. While you are not as careful of details as you should be, you are prudent in speech, and though a little lacking in perseverance and apt to look out well for number one, still you are pleasant, adaptable and if not witty still sure to be popular and respected. I think you'll succeed in your circle. I'm glad I guessed your pen what is yours. I think also that you are rather nervous.

PRINCESS.—There isn't the least change of your being an old maid unless you are absolutely crazed to be married. I consider perfect. This study is independent and rather fond of new and original methods, has a variable temper, apt to be sarcastic and a little bit uncharitable, sticking to a point or holding on to a possession firmly, is not very hopful, a little inclined to be pessimistic, very close mouthed and would be an excellent *confidante*. Is properly regardful of details, and anxious for perfection, has good perseverance and good judgment, indeed not always good, but justice and truth discernible, is a little inclined to be jealous, and would not be demonstrative though capable of deep feeling.

CURIOUS.—You are curious, my good man, and humorous and full of energy and impulse. Can take a hard knock and laugh at it, and you may not be gifted with great perception, and think too much of yourself, you can make friends and a little selfish with those you love, and very true and kind. There is a line in this connection which I don't like, but it only occurs twice in your rather long study, and so I hope it is an accidental slip, which is a lack of constancy and steadfastness in matters of the heart. I don't believe you are, and if the professor's study is your business, and poets don't always have bumpy heads I see nothing to prevent your being a poet in your decidedly original way, and again I don't recommend poetic inditions. If you would send along a poem I'd soon give you up!

VIOLA.—I am very sorry your bright little letter got somehow mislaid. Whenever this happens it is because I read over a line like the end of a letter, and I begin to read again before I drop it into its proper place among its fellows. Then I have no time, and the poor little letter slips unfortunately into some dark corner for me to do a finite period. I should not like to put her one on my face. It has much a life small. I believe I never was camping, too fond of comfort, my dear. When the thermometer "registers ninety in the shade," as you write, I should be afraid to recommend any employment, I believe I were trying to keep cool. For my part I love the hot weather. Your writing is careful, and shows a warm wit, impulsive feeling, rather imaginative turn of mind, and a versatile nature. You lack the subtle tact and judgment that make it financial conducting business, but I think you can't lead, you can go alone, and don't enjoy following in a beaten track. Your wit is strong, and open to it flattery and yet you are a little given to over self-consciousness. I think I know you, my friend with the pretty name, just from my study.

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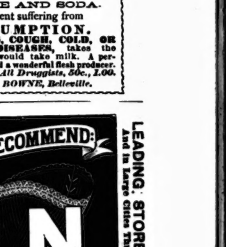

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She Corrected His Grammar First.

Jack Askin—Will you marry me?

Miss Bean (of Boston)—Say "shall" please—"will" is for sentiment, you remember, "shall" for fact. No!

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How It Slipped Out.

Jack Tenter—I don't see why you keep me so long in suspense, Clara. Can't you say "Yes" or "No" right out?

Clara Hooks—Oh, you just wait until we're married and you'll find I can speak out quick enough!

In the Restaurant.

Mr. Feeder—What's that awful thumping out there?

Waiter—Dat's de cook. Yo' ordered a tenderloin steak, didn't yo', sah?

Music.

The concert season is now upon us in all its power. Nearly every night sees some event, and the great variety of performers which take part in these entertainments shows that Toronto is developing musical performers of good parts and in goodly numbers. The first event to be chronicled in this week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT is the Thanksgiving service of song held at Sherbourne street Methodist church on Wednesday evening, 4th inst. A large choir of fifty voices, under the direction of Mr. Fred. Warrington, sang some excellent music. The choir has some very fine voices and sings with a fine large tone, but on this occasion showed several lapses from the pitch. The Orpheus Quartette, composed of Messrs. Taylor, Lye, Warrington, and Schuch, made its reappearance after a summer's enjoyment and sang two numbers very effectively. Mr. Schuch sang But Who May Abide, from the Messiah, in a manner that won him warm compliments. Mr. Douglas Bird was in fine voice and gave a very careful rendering of In Native Worth. Miss Minnie Gaylord sang Show Me Thy Ways with good taste and devotional feeling. The solo work incidental to the anthems by the choir was very creditably rendered by Mrs. Helen Wright, Miss C. Byam, Mr. T. Chattoe and Dr. M. W. Sparrow, with Mr. F. A. Blakeley at the organ.

The audience which attended St. George's Society on Thursday evening, November 5, was not so large as on previous occasions, probably owing to the fact that the society was this year unable to secure the Pavilion for its usual date of Thanksgiving Day; but as is customary in such cases the audience "made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in numbers," and as a result every performer was encored. The concert opened with a well rendered quartette, Rule Brittania, after which Mr. Ramsay sang one of his inimitable comic songs, which with its fellow, was warmly encored. The lady singers were Miss Minnie Gaylord and Miss Gertrude Leadlay. The former young lady is winning her way to very decided popularity here. Her pleasing appearance, agreeable manner and unaffected, honest singing make her a strong feature on a programme. Her rendition of the Staccato Polka was easy and fluent, and showed a good style and a very sweet voice. Her encore song, Cowen's Snowflake, showed that she has considerable power of expression. Miss Leadlay has a beautiful contralto voice of great refinement of tone and susceptible of expressive power. Her rendering of Tosti's Good-bye was so good that she, too, earned a recall and sang Afterwards. Miss Jessie Alexander was in splendid form, in spite of the heavy work she is doing now, and gave some excellent readings, The First Quarrel, The Small Boy Entertains and Archie Dean being her programme numbers. Mr. Douglas Bird sang Tom Bowling and Clay's I'll Sing the Songs of Araby, giving a really artistic rendering of the latter song. Mr. Schuch sang The Battle of the Alma, a fine song of the Crimean war, which earned a recall when he sang his well worn but, on this occasion, welcome Friar of Orders Gray. The concert was under his direction, with Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli as accompanist.

The Medical Students' Temperance League had a public meeting at Trinity Medical School on Friday evening of last week, when in addition to the feast of reason and flow of soul emanating from the clerical and medical speakers, Miss Whitsides gave some excellent readings. Musical numbers were contributed by Mr. E. W. Schuch, Mr. J. Newton and Mr. F. Wakefield.

On Saturday last Mr. W. E. Fairclough, organist of All Saints' church, gave an interesting organ recital at that church. He played the following programme: Overture in C minor, Merkel; Andante in G major, Henry Smart; Finale, from the Organ School, Lemmens; Adagio, from Sonata in G minor, Op. 11, Otto Dienel; Staccato in F, J. S. Bach; Catilene Pastorale, Guilmant; Barcarolle, from Fourth Piano Concerto, W. Sterndale Bennett; March and Chorus from Tannhæuser, Wagner.

Saturday evening brought the first quarterly concert of the Conservatory of Music Association Hall, which was largely attended. The performances of the pupils were gratifying to both teachers and public. The following programme was performed: Organ solo, fifth concerto *(alla sicilliana—allegro)*, Miss S. E. Dallas, Handel; Ecce Homo, Miss Lizzie Wallace, Piccolomini; Polonaise (C sharp minor, op. 26), Miss Bertha Dixie, Chopin; She Wandered Down the Mountain Side, Miss Mary Fridham, Clay; Capriccio Brilliante, op. 22, Miss Julia F. McBrien (accompanied by Conservatory orchestra), Mendelssohn; Tempest of the Heart (Trovatore), Mr. John J. Costello, Verdi; Concerto, F sharp minor *(allegro quasi fantasia)*, Miss Charlotte Chaplin (accompanied by Conservatory orchestra), Hiller; The Night was Calm and Peaceful, Miss Minn'e Gould, Verdi; Ballade, A flat major, Miss Louie McDowell, Chopin; Leaving Yet Loving, Miss Edith Miller, Marziale; violin solo, Souvenir de Haydn, Op. 2, Miss Ethelind G. Thomas, Leonard; Robert toique j'aime, Miss M. M. Kitchen, Meyerbeer; Concerto, A minor *(allegro moderato)*, Mr. Donald Herald, A.T.C.M., Hummel.

On Tuesday evening Messrs. Farwell & Glendon gave another of those pleasant entertainments which have won the name of "Stock Recitals." Their handsome upstairs hall was completely filled in spite of the horrible weather and the audience thoroughly enjoyed the good things presented. The piano solos were exceedingly interesting and all exceedingly well played. Mrs. Blackstock played a pretty piece of her own, Le Rossignol, and Rubenstein's, Kammenoi Ostrow, which gave her abundant opportunity to display her great technical resources and strong individuality of conception. Miss Nellie Gordon gave a very bright interpretation of Chopin's Impromptu Op. 29. Mrs. W. A. Thompson played the Wagner-Liszt Spinnerlied with clear execution and a rich, warm tone. Two pretty trifles, a Liebslied by Scholtz, and Si Oiseau J'etais were played with a charming sentiment by Miss Sara Ryan. This young lady is unquestionably a promising student, and has the true artistic temperament. Miss Norma Reynolds sang The Page Song from Les Huguenots, and Dearest Heart. She has a voice of good range and quality, and won warm applause. Mr. Harold Jarvis sang two songs by Mrs. Blackstock, one a bright, passionate love song, Thou Art My Queen, the other a pretty Lullaby, to which he added Beat on Mine, Little Heart. He sang with all the delicacy and artistic sentiment which always characterize his efforts. Mr. Schuch sang Byron's Go'den Bar, which was well received.

On Monday evening Mr. Boscovitz will give his lecture recital at the Normal School. He will be assisted by Miss Morgan.

The Osgoode Glee Club has re-commenced operations under the direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch, and will be heard at the public debate next Friday evening, when Mrs. Caldwell and the Misses Gordon will also take part.

Mr. Buck's concert lecture in aid of the Children's Aid Society will take place on the 26th, when he will be assisted by a chorus of ladies' voices, Mrs. F. Eddis, Mrs. Prince, Miss Patrick, Miss Kormann, Miss Fahey, Miss Emma Mills, Miss Spurway and Mr. F. Eddis.

The Harmony Club is arranging for its winter campaign, and has elected the following officers: president, Mr. Albert Nordheimer; vice-president, Mr. E. H. Duggan; treasurer, Mr. George Dunstan; secretary, Mr. J. M. Saunders; committee, Messrs. Gamble Geddes, A. Foy, George Michie, E. C. Rutherford, J. F. Kirk, James Crowther, H. M. Patterson; conductor, E. W. Schuch. MEPHONOME.

Books and Magazines.

Messrs. John A. Taylor & Co., the well known Toronto firm of publishers, have now established head quarters in New York, in 119 Potter Building. They have started the issue of two new series of original copyright novels by the most popular writers of to-day. The Broadway series sells for half a dollar, and is in typographical get-up the finest series at that price which we have seen. The issue is half monthly and the novels already out are Sweet Is Revenge by J. F. Milloy; Out at Twinnet's, already in its second edition, by John Habberton; Pretty Kitty Herrick, a story of English county society by Mrs. Kennard; and Benedick and Beatrice by the well known sportsman and author Hawley Smart. A rich programme is also forthcoming in this series. The Mayflower library is of equal excellence and the first issue is Well Won by Mrs. Alexander. The Diary of a Pilgrimage, by Jerome K. Jerome, is a pleasant account of a trip of that well known humorist to the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau. [William Bryce, Toronto.]

The same publisher has issued a diary of a different kind, to wit: A Dead Man's Diary, devoted to speculation on the future state. The work shows much thought, and is said to be by an author whose stories and poems are much appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic.

Naboth's Vineyard, by E. O. Somerville and Martin Ross, is the latest issue in Bryce's Canadian Copyright Library. It is a pleasing story of Irish country life. [William Bryce, Toronto. 50c.]

Scribner's for November is a good issue. Stevenson's novel, The Wrecker, is continued by a very interesting instalment. The article on the Trans Saharian Railway is very interesting, and a couple of good literary papers—one on Lowell, and another by Andrew Lang on Adventures Among Books, are included. The poetry and editorials are excellent.

The *Cosmopolitan* for November is very finely illustrated. There is a splendid article on Chicago in the Chicago Spirit, a pleasant sketch entitled An Outing with the Queen of Hearts, by Albion W. Tourgee and illustrated by his daughter, and the editorial departments by Murat Halstead, Brander Matthews, and E. E. Hale, which are unsurpassed anywhere.

The *Atlantic* for November needs no words of commendation. Four very fine articles are The Schools at Oxford, by S. E. Winbolt; Count Tolstoi at Home, by Leo Wiener, translator, Miss Isabel F. Hapgood; the Gods in Greece; and Journalism and Literature, by W. J. Stillman. Henry James gives the first instalment of a two part story, The Chaperone, and Mrs. Catherwood's serial, The Lady of Fort St. John, is continued.

The complete novel published in *Lippincott's* this month is The Duke and the Commoner, by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow. The other articles are crisp and interesting.

Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls announce an oriental novel, The Lady of Cawapore.

Matter of Fact

Hicks (to his typewriter)—What would you do if you were to lose your eyes?
Miss Keyes—Use the letter I.

By Proxy.

Customer—Does that parrot use—er—er—profane language?
Dealer—Oh, no, s—
The parrot—You — X —
Customer—I'll take him, Mr. Dealer. You see, I have a neighbor who plays on the concertina, and it annoys me greatly while I'm writing my sermons.

Not to be Tolerated.

Figgs—Why is it in art that no woman appears among the old masters?
Diggs—Now, wouldn't it sound nice: "Ladies and gentlemen, this lovely landscape is no mere daub. It was painted by one of the old maids."

The Business of the Great Saharian Railway.

The traffic of the Trans-Saharian Railway will comprise two classes of business—the first, local, between oasis and oasis, or the Saharian traffic proper; the second, the business between extreme ends of the line, between Algeria and France and the central Soudan. Once given railway transportation, depots and markets will spring up along the line, for the surveys cross the lines followed by the caravans that carry on the commerce of the desert. The export of cereals from Algeria to the Touareegs and to the Au country, and the export of salt, which is not found in the Soudan, will give importance to the salt wells of Amadhror. Upon the other hand, it is certain that a constant stream from the south will pour into Algeria, bringing chiefly hides and leather. An estimate of the yearly income to be derived from the Saharian business may be put at 6 265,000 francs. Dividing the sum by the length of the line from Biskra to Lake Tchad, 3,100 kilometres (1,925 miles), the earnings are equal to 2,000 francs per kilometre.

Central Soudan is rich enough to furnish a vast commercial business to a railway: spices, ostrich feathers, gold-dust, indigo, hides, leather, cereals, and fruits, palm oil, cotton, ebony, and dye stuffs. The exports and imports at Timbuctoo caught to provide an income of 7,310 francs per kilometre. Finally, there remains the passenger traffic, which may be expected to grow into importance. In round numbers, I may say that the Trans-Saharian traffic would result in earnings of about 10,000 francs per kilometre of line. As the construction cost would average 100,000 francs a kilometre, interest at 4½ per cent. will require 4,500 francs per kilometre. The running expenses of one train a day, in either direction, would be between 5 000 and 5,500 francs per kilometre per year. From a financial standpoint the enterprise, if well managed, ought therefore to prove remunerative. This alone, apart from other considerations, should warrant a Trans-Saharian railway.—*Scribner.*

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

McMillan, of the Standard Bank, assisted the groom. The bride was attired in a traveling dress of pearl gray Bedford cord, relieved with rose pink and trimmed with seal and steel passementerie. Her hat was of gray, lined with rose pink, and trimmed with the same material as the dress—silver and passementerie. In this becoming costume the bride looked really charming. The bridesmaid was dressed in green cloth, relieved with pink, and hat to match. The *dejeuner*, provided by Harry Webb, of Toronto, was a *recherche* affair. Besides the families of the bride and groom, those present were Mrs. Coulson, of Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. Warren of Oshawa, J. McMillan of Tilsonburg, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Phillips, Mr. H. T. McMillan of Toronto, Mr. Fred and Miss Warren, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McLennan and Miss McLennan of Whitby. The send-off at the station was a most enthusiastic one, and evidenced the great popularity of the bride and the groom. They purpose sailing for Europe, going *via* New York, and will be absent several months, when they will return to Oshawa to reside permanently.

*

The old Vickers homestead on Adelaide street west has been the scene of many a joyous gathering during the past thirty or forty years. Not a few of these events have been weddings, and again on Tuesday afternoon another was added to the number, and the residence for a time was transformed into a temple of Hymen. Within its walls were crowded many representatives of wealthy and fashionable Toronto and Montreal families. The occasion was the marriage of Miss Ethel Rosina Vickers, fourth daughter of Mr. John J. Vickers, to Mr. S. W. Ewing, son of Mr. S. H. Ewing of Montreal, and a member of the firm of Ewing & Herron of that city. The bride is a popular young lady in Toronto society and a granddaughter on her mother's side of Mrs. Moodie, the authoress of the Backwoods of Canada, and other works. To this clever writer of Canada's early days Miss Vickers has a marked resemblance in some respects. She is also a grandniece of Mrs. Traill, another Canadian authoress of note. By special request Rev. Canon DuMoulin performed the marriage ceremony at the residence. This is the first instance where the Canon has departed from the Anglican rule of marrying only in the church, and the innovation was made on behalf of the bride's father, who is an invalid and was unable to attend the church. The bride was attired in ivory satin Duchesse, with embroidered lisse and Elizabethan collar. She wore an embroidered tulle veil, caught up with chrysanthemums and maiden hair fern, and diamond and pearl ornaments. The bridesmaid was Miss Agnes Strickland Vickers, youngest sister of the bride. She was dressed in pink bengaline, with veil and bouquet of chrysanthemums, and wore pearl and diamond ornaments. Miss Isabel Grindley, the maid of honor, wore pink silk overlaid with white lace, and pearl ornaments. Mrs Vickers, mother of the bride, wore a costume of black satin and jet, with real lace; Mrs. Ewing, costume of heliotrope faille, with small bonnet to match. The best man was Mr. R. Kinghorn of Montreal.

*

Among the invited guests were: Miss Tully, Dr. and Mrs. Snelling, Mr. W. J. Morrice, Miss Greene, the Misses Beatty, Mr. Strathy, Miss Worts, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Secord, Mr. John Dudgeon, Miss Marion Wilkie, Mr. D'Eyncourt Strickland, Misses Tea', the Misses Leggatt, Mr. John McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. George McMurrich, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Gooderham, Miss Maude Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Grindley, Mrs. Fisken, Rev. Canon DuMoulin, Mrs. E. A. Smart, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, Mr. Adam H. Meyers, the Misses Dupont, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, Miss J. A. Wallbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, the Misses Gooderham, Mrs. Tench, Miss Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra, Miss Frances Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Cassells, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Miss Macdonald, David Morrice, jr., Miss Lay, Mrs. Campbell Wallbridge, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Wyatt, Mr. S. W. Ewing, Mr. Harry F. Strickland, Mrs. S. H. Hetherington, Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Graham, Miss Annie McIntyre and Mrs. John Plummer, of Fort William; Miss Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, Miss Maggie Cooke, Mrs. R. B. Moodie, Miss F. Shanklin, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tait, the Misses Fuller, Mr. George Broughall, Miss Jean Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Gault, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Blackader, Mr. and Mrs. David Morrice, Miss Morrice, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ogilvie, Mr. and Mrs. John Cassils, Mr. and Mrs. John MacDougall, Mr. R. B. Picken, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Gault, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Cowans, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Gault, Mr. and Mrs. James Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McArthur, Mr. and Miss Crathern, Mr. and Mrs. John Arnold, the Misses Howard, the Messrs. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Auld, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. Finlay, the Messrs. Finlay, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Gault, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. Cheese, Mr. and Mrs. James Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Smeaton, Miss Knight, Dr. and Mrs. Campbell, Miss Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Day, Mrs. Monk, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. John MacDougall, Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. David Morrice, Mr. and Mrs. James Peck, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ogilvie, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ogilvie, Mr. and Mrs. Hannaford, Mr. and Mrs. Herron, Mr. and Mrs. Cowans, Mrs. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Saughnessy, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. McDougall of Montreal; Mrs. Duffield, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Muir, Miss Muir, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Maguire, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Craig of Staten Island, Mrs. Dall of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Ewing left on a bridal tour in the United States. They will reside in Montreal.

*

Mrs. Charles Fuller of Metcalfe street has removed to No. 10 South Drive, Rosedale.

*

A complete and sudden conversion from Paganism to Christianity was seen at the Grand Opera House on Wednesday evening, in the transformation of the fierce-looking Roman soldiers into good Q. O. R.'s when they hurried away to roll call.

*

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ellis celebrated their wooden wedding on the evening of November 9th by giving what proved a most successful progressive euchre party and small dance. The host and hostess were the recipients of many pretty wooden gifts.

The Festival of 1886.

Editor of Saturday Night:

SIR,—Recently, in your paper, an anonymous writer has been trying to convey an impression to the public, that in the last Toronto Musical Festival the orchestra was everything that it should not have been, and to read his mysterious insinuations anyone unaware of the real facts might naturally think it was a veritable fiasco. Now, if Mr. Handell will write over his own name and state in what particular respect the orchestra failed, I will in a friendly spirit discuss the matter in the interest of future festivals. Looking over the programmes I find that in addition to the oratorios, Mors et Vita and Israel in Egypt, and the overtures Tannhauser, Ruy Blas and Oberon, a very exacting task was done through in the accompaniments to the various solos, vocal and instrumental, and although there was some difficulty at one rehearsal caused principally through an exhibition of ill temper on the part of a vocalist, for which kind of thing the same artist has become notorious, it might be fairly claimed that the orchestra notwithstanding some defective material, did good work, and on the whole acquitted itself creditably. It has never been contended that it was perfect, but at any rate it was an effort in the right direction and organized on a principle that is becoming recognized the world over, viz: The development of local orchestras with a view to depending upon them as far as practical for combined work with the chorus. As to what has been written about an outside orchestra for use on future festivals, it is not for me to raise any objection, but it does not follow that even if this is done perfection will always be the result, and it is not so long ago that a performance of Elijah in a city not many hours' ride from Toronto was marred and distorted, although an outside orchestra and conductor, ranking the very first in the world, took part. As a strong advocate of the employment of our local musicians at the last Toronto festival, I am still prepared to stand by the principle upon which all acted in 1886. The causes of weakness which made themselves apparent then, would be the experience which would prevent the same difficulty in the future. I should be very glad indeed to hear such an orchestra as that of Walter Damrosch, Seidl, Thomas, or Nikisch, with our local players combined, for the oratorio work, and, if it is preferred, the outside orchestra in its distinct capacity in the other programmes.

F. H. TORRINGTON,
Conductor of the Toronto Musical Festival, 1886.

Toronto, Nov. 10, 1891.

Our New Art Room

has been very highly complimented since its opening.

Although the first venture of the kind in this country in connection with the Jewelry trade, its reception has more than justified our expectations.

We cannot sufficiently emphasize the fact that all lovers of artistic goods are most heartily welcome to it at all times. Every week--almost every day --new goods are taking the place of those sold; hence, because you may have seen it once, do not suppose we have nothing new to interest you.

Anytime---if only waiting for a street car---run in and glance around, and we promise not to thrust attentions upon you, although glad to offer you every courtesy.

RYRIE BROS.
JEWELERS
Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts.

112 YONGE STREET
MISS HOLLAND

Desires to intimate to her customers and ladies generally that, having associated herself in business with MISS DUFFY, long and favorably known in the Mantle trade, they will together open a showroom for MANTLE and DRESSMAKING in connection with MILLINERY, where ladies may see a large selection of MANTLES, JACKETS and ULSTERS in the newest makes and all sizes, which, together with reasonable prices, will place them in the forefront of the trade. Miss Duffy, being celebrated for her CUT, FIT and FINISH, ladies will find it to their advantage to inspect their stock before purchasing, all the goods being entirely new. The latest designs shown in Paris, London and New York will be found to meet the taste of those desiring fashionable garments for Fall and Winter wear.

Newest styles in Millinery now on view.

NEW MUSIC - NEW DANCE

Have you heard it? Have you seen it?
Do you know it?—the latest craze—
I mean the MUSIC—and the DANCE—
Called the POLKA POLONAISE—

Do you dance it? Would you learn it?
All who dance it speak in praise
Of the MUSIC and the DANCE,
Called the POLKA POLONAISE.

Across the line, in the States,
Dancing teachers money raise,
And they write Prof. Davis:
Send the POLKA POLONAISE.

New dance, new music, perfectly charming, easy to learn. Price 60c. Fully explained. To any address on receipt of price. PROF. J. F. DAVIS, International College of Dancing and Music, 192 Wilton Ave., Toronto.

McKENDRY'S

OCTOBER, 31.

NOVELTIES FOR EVENING WEAR

We have just received from Paris two cases of evening wear novelties, and cordially invite the lady readers of SATURDAY NIGHT to inspect the same, assuring them of this fact, that no firm in Toronto, either on King St. or Yonge St., can show more elegant goods. Another feature of our business is that we never charge exhorbitant prices for these exclusive goods. On Tuesdays ladies will find an excellent opportunity to examine our Millinery stock as the rush of Bargain Day is over and our saleswomen have more time to serve you properly.

Elegant Marabout hair ornaments in Cream, Sky, Pink, Black, White, &c., sold to-day on King St. for $1 and $1.25. We ask 50c. on pretty Marabout Neck Ruffles, worth $1.75 for 75c. each. French Lisse Silk Embroidered Laces, worth $1.25, for 39c. per yard. These are the greatest Bargains in Canada. Ostrich Feather Crowns in 20 shades for opera wear, sold everywhere at $2.50 to $4. We have marked them $1.50 each. French Beaver Hats in Fawn, Black, Cream, Navy and all new shades, worth $2.50 for $1.50 each. Chiffon Lace and piece goods from 15c. per yard up. Black Jet Ornaments in Sprays, Bands and Butterflies, also Gold and Silver, from 25c. to $1—can't be bought less than double these prices. Brocaded Fur Lined Cloaks in Cardinal, Navy, Black, Peacock, &c., worth $30 for $20. Elegant Evening Fans at half the usual prices. A visit to our showrooms will prove interesting and profitable.

McKENDRY'S
202 Yonge St., 6 doors north of Queen

"It is the duty that a man owes to society," says our late Premier, "to dress like a gentleman." This fact being universally conceded, as it incontestably is in polite society, the problem for the neophyte entering within the gates of the social world is: How does a gentleman dress? One cannot, in seeking the solution of this knotty problem, enter a tailoring establishment and complacently settle the question by pointing to a roll of cloth in the window exclaiming, "I want a suit of that." There must be method in this desire, and intelligence as well, to dress correctly. Take for example business dress; it is equally as important that the business attire of the man who desires to be called well dressed shall be perfect in design, in fit, and in the harmony of all its parts. Do not fail to inspect the line of Scotch Cheviotts and Tweeds which are provided for business wear this season, and which the Fashionable West End Tailor has just received by direct importation, being equal to anything brought to this continent.

HENRY A. TAYLOR,
Rossin House Block.

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Toronto District Agency, 12 King St. East
PHONOGRAPHS FOR SALE OR LEASE

THE PHONOGRAPH SOIREE is the latest novelty in London, Paris and New York drawing-rooms. We rent instruments, in charge of polite attendants, for this purpose and for church and society entertainments.

LADIES should visit our PHONOGRAPH PARLOR connected with the Agency. Handsomely and comfortably furnished. Only 5c to hear any one of 200 choicest musical and spoken records.

Freehold Loan and Savings Co.

DIVIDEND No. 64

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the

FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER

next at the office of the company, Church Street.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th day of November inclusive.

By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Manager.

Toronto, 21st October, 1891.

GANANOQUE CARRIAGE CO.
100 & 102 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

WHEN wanting a carriage of any description don't fail to call at our repository and see the LARGEST and FINEST display of all kinds of vehicles in the Dominion.

SEND FOR ESTIMATES FOR ANY CLASS OF
CATERING AND CONFECTIONERY
DINNERS BANQUETS
WEBB'S
WEDDING SUPPLIES
ESTABLISHMENT 447 YONGE ST. TORONTO ONT.
ENTERTAINMENTS

WEDDING CAKES

Of the best quality and finish SHIPPED with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.
Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Barrington Foote
(THE GREAT ENGLISH BARITONE)

Wrote the following during his recent visit to Canada:

"I was much pleased with the Mason & Risch Piano. It sustains the voice, and is very sympathetic in tone; in fact, I COULD NOT WISH TO BE ACCOMPANIED BY A BETTER INSTRUMENT."

Yours very truly,
BARRINGTON FOOTE.

Nov. 5, '91.

The Mercedes Sisters

These charming little artists write as follows:

"We were highly delighted with the Mason & Risch Piano, and wish we could take it with us wherever we play."

MERCEDES.
MARITA.

MASON & RISCH - - 32 King Street West, Toronto

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
GRAND SQUARE UPRIGHT

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Warerooms: - - 89 King Street West, Toronto

The People's Candidate

VOTE FOR
EX-MAYOR
James Beaty
FOR
MAYOR, 1892
AND SUPPORT
ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY

An IMPROVED SYSTEM of civic administration, an effort to obtain a new City Charter.

Amongst other reforms, the apportionment of civic business into a few PERMANENT DEPARTMENTS, controlled as to officials and service immediately by competent Heads under suitable by-laws, but ultimately by the Council, the people's representatives as a body and not as individuals.

Also the institution of a BOARD OF CONTROL, composed of the Mayor, the Chairmen of Committees (as ex-officio members) and Heads of Departments to suggest methods to Control, Reduce and Manage the Expenditure.

REDUCED TAXATION as far as practicable, consistent with the necessities of the city. With this view, retrench and moderate all controllable expenditures in every department of work and service.

EQUITABLE ASSESSMENTS and fair taxation on all property and classes, and so as to promote the influx of Capital.

Utilizing to the best advantage CITY PROPERTY and Assets and Reduce the Debt and encourage improvements.

EQUIVALENT VALUE in work and material for moneys expended.

Business-like FINANCIAL ARRANGEMENTS to increase the credits and prosperity of the city.

An effort to procure PURE WATER and THOROUGH DRAINAGE to protect the health of the citizens.

To ENCOURAGE MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES and induce the use of capital in the city and thus provide employment.

A readjustment of the LOCAL IMPROVEMENT System to render it fair and equitable in its operations.

To establish a judicious RELIEF SYSTEM FOR PAUPERS that will at the same time protect the citizens from street beggars.

To provide REFORMATORY RESTRAINTS in cases of first offences of a trivial nature or of youthful indiscretions.

Support an earnest endeavor to uphold the moral, health-ful, financial and educational features of the Queen City.

LYDON'S MART
43 King St. East, Toronto

SALE OF
Oil Paintings and Water Colors
By F. McGILLIVRAY KNOWLES, A.R.C.A., who is leaving to reside in Europe).
ON
Friday, November 20, '91

Catalogues ready and pictures on view Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 16, 17, 18 and 19.

JAMES LYDON
AUCTIONEER

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
SPECIALLY CONDUCTED PARTY
TO ALL POINTS IN
CALIFORNIA
Leaves Toronto
2.45 p.m.
Tuesday, Nov. 17
In an Upholstered Family Apartment Sleeper

Full particulars from any Agent of the Company.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

The progressive euchre party given by Mrs. Richard Fuller of Claremont on Wednesday evening of last week, was very delightful, the large rooms being specially adapted for this purpose. There were about ten tables and the greatest interest was displayed by all in this charming amusement. The prizes were exceedingly pretty and were won by Misses Findlay, Mills and Hendrie. Messrs. Hope, Southam and Ganaby obtained those donated to the sterner sex. After a delightful supper dancing was indulged in most heartily. Those present were Misses Gartshore, Hobson, Grant, Hendrie, Faulkner, Findlay, Dunlop, Leggat, Roach, McGiverin, Bull, Bell, Dewar, Turner, Sinclair, and Miss Arthurs of Toronto. Some of the gowns were exceedingly pretty. Miss Hendrie wore a handsome gown of black brocade with pink rosebuds and yellow *chiffon*; Miss Kate Hendrie of Detroit, cerise brocade; Miss Arthurs, primrose silk, *chiffon*; Miss Jean Hobson looked very smart in a gown of pink *chiffon*; Miss Bessie Leggat's gown was very attractive, of yellow faille with *crepe de chine*; Miss Dunlop wore white faille and pale blue *chiffon*; Miss Fuller's gown of green brocade was very artistic; Miss Eva Watson was very prettily gowned in pale blue silk; Miss McGiverin looked well in yellow brocade, with black jet; the Misses Dewar in pretty gowns of white and pink silk; Miss Roach, *eau de nil crepe*; Miss Gartshore, a dainty gown of white and red, flowered organdie. Among the men present were Messrs. Logie, Ganaby, Gates, Dewar, Burns, W. Ferrie, E. Ferrie, Southam, Boyd, Dr. Osborne, Thompson, Gillies, Billet and Garret.

Capt. and Mrs. J. J. Stuart and family have returned from a delightful three months' trip in England. Capt. Stuart spent the greater part of his time in Aldershott where he was placed on the staff of one of the regiments.

Mrs. J. J. Scott gave a delightful afternoon tea on Thursday last.

Miss Harvey of Sandyford Place has returned from England and Scotland, having spent the last three months in these two countries.

Miss Arthurs of Toronto is the guest of Miss Sinclair, Herkimer street.

Mr. and the Misses Leggat are back again from the Old Sod. Miss Bessie will make her *debut* very soon, I believe, after being in Germany for three years at school.

Mr. Malcolm McPherson, of New Zealand, will shortly pass from the ranks of bachelorhood to those of the benedicts, carrying off a charming bride from Toronto.

The Misses Hendrie left for Toronto on Monday morning to assist their sister, Mrs. Hay, in receiving her many guests, who will be sure to welcome her in Toronto.

The Duffield Flower Mission and St. George's Society are instrumental in bringing a grand production of Ben Hur here, in which one hundred and fifty amateurs will take part, and it is hoped that the five nights will be patronized in the way it deserves. Such charities should be supported by all who can spare their "mite." The performance will be the same as that held this week in Toronto.

Miss Edith Chapman is the guest of Miss Dyment in Barrie.

Mr. C. J. Jones has returned from a trans-Atlantic tour of six weeks, and enjoyed it immensely.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan have returned from the tour through the North West, having had a delightful and successful trip. Miss Clench and Mr. Paul Ambrose have not returned, as they are giving recitals on the return trip, and Mrs. Hamilton is visiting friends in San Francisco. They have had a most charming time. In Victoria the company were entertained by the admiral and officers of the H. M. S. Warspite and Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Nelson at the Government House.

Miss Clench will play here on November 26 before her departure for Europe, where she intends remaining for two years.

The Cricket Club will give an entertainment of pantomime, music and tableaux in the Grand Opera House on November 20 and 21.

Miss Erle Turner is the guest of Mrs. Hunt of London. SYLVIA.

Contagious in Their Class.

Mr. Noopop—Doctor, is insomnia contagious?

Dr. Paresis—Certainly not, sir. What made you ask that?

Mr. Noopop—Because I notice that when baby is troubled with insomnia, my wife and I invariably catch it, too.

MEDICAL.

DR. PALMER
40 College Street
Telephone 3190. 3rd Door from Yonge Street.

DR. C. C. JOB, 74 Pembroke Street
Homeopathist and Medical Electrician
Asthma, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Diabetes, Unginа Pectoris, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all chronic difficult or obscure diseases.
LADIES—All displacements and enlargements of the womb cured. Treatment new and pleasant.

DR. SPILSBURY—Diseases of Throat, Nose and Ear.
240 Huron Street, first door north College
Consultation hours—9 to 11 a.m., and 2 to 4 p.m.

DR. YOUNG, L.R.C.P., London, Eng.
Physician and Surgeon
Residence 145 College Avenue. Hours 12 till 3 p.m., and Sundays. Telephone 3495.
Office 26 McCaul Street. Hours 9 till 11 a.m., and till 9 p.m. Telephone 1685.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street, HOMŒOPATHIST
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

A Syllogism.

Troubles never come singly.
Therefore, twins are troubles.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage licenses, 601 Queen St. West, between Portland and Bathurst Sts. Witnesses required. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst St.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

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DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tel. 3868.

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DENTIST
24 Gerrard Street East Telephone 2266

DR. CAPON Tel. 3821
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L.D.S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D.D.S., Philadelphia; M.D.S., New York.

LANOLINE CREAM
FOR
Softening and Whitening the Skin
REMOVES
Chaps, Roughness, Redness and Hardness and Prevents Wrinkles
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 Yonge Street, Toronto

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HANCOCK—Nov. 5, Mrs E. C. Hancock—a son.
ROGERS—Oct. 29, Mrs. R. Rogers—a son.
BALDWIN—Nov. 3, Mrs. J. M. Baldwin—a daughter.
RYRIE—Nov. 4, Mrs. H. Ryrie—a daughter.
SUTHERLAND—Nov. 2, Mrs. Dr. Sutherland—a son.
McBRIDE—Nov. 4, Mrs. D. W. McBride—a son.
SCOTT—Oct. 21, Mrs. J. W. Scott—a son.
HODGINS—Bombay, Mrs. Chas. R. Hodgins—a son.
FORFAR—Nov. 8, Mrs. J. Forfar—a daughter.
WEBBER—Nov. 2, Mrs. John Webber—a son.
THOMPSON—Nov. 6, Mrs. Alf. Thompson—a son, stillborn

Marriages.

JAMIESON—FRASER—Nov. 4, R. E. Jamieson to Janie Fraser
CLARK—GREIG—Nov. 4, J. T. Clark to Sadie Greig.
DUKE—TINNING—Chicago, J. P. Duke to Eleanor Tinning
MILLER—SIMPSON—Nov. 4, Robt. Miller to Janie Simpson
HOWARTH—WILLIAMS—Nov. 4, C. E. Howarth to Minnie Williams.
NATTRASS—WOODLEY—July 13, J. F. Nattrass to Bessie Woodley.
McNAUGHTON—McDOUGALL—Nov. 4, D. H. McNaughton to Annie McDougall.
BOWES—DAVIS—Oct. 28, Albert Bowes to Ina Davis.
SMITH—TRILLER—Oct. 31, D. E. Smith to Emily Triller.
TULE—URQUHART—Oct. 14, Robert Tule to E. G. Urquhart.
CLARKSON—WRIGHT—Nov. 4, Thomas Clarkson to A. L. Wright.

Deaths.

JONES—Nov. 5, Maggie Jones.
RAPELJE—Nov. 4, Maud Rapelje.
HEWETT—Nov. 5, Marjorie Hewitt, aged 8 months.
DAVIDSON—Oct 31, A. W. Davidson, aged 8.
URQUHART—Nov. 4, John Urquhart, aged 57.
RUTHVEN—Nov. 4, Marie Josi Ruthven, aged 54.
BROWN—Oct 10, Isabella Mann Brown, aged 78
BURNS—Nov. 5, Nanette Dural Burns, aged 28.
EARL—Nov. 5, Charlotte W. Earl.
McEACHREN—Nov. 4, John McEachren, aged 83
WOOLLEY—Nov. 4, Elma A. Woolley, aged 4.
HAMILTON—Oct. 28, Wm. R. Hamilton, aged 79
PRINGLE—Oct. 30, Eliza Pringle, aged 77.
RICE—Nov. 7, Rachel Murray Rice, aged 89.
MONTEITH—Nov. 7, Nellie Monteith, aged 24.
STARK—Nov 6, William Stark, sr., aged 76.
FAIRBAIRN—Nov 7, Caroline Fairbairn.
COUREEN—Oct. 28, Capt. R. Coureen.
ROBERTSON—Oct. 29, Margaret B. Robertson.
VANDUSEN—Oct. 27, Mary A. VanDusen, aged 68.
COWELL—Nov. 5, Sarah A. Cowell, aged 31.
TAYLOR—Chatham, Thos. H. Taylor, aged 68.
CUNNINGHAM-DUNLOP—Nov. 7, W. R. F. Cunningham-Dunlop.
BATTIE—Nov. 6, Annie Racoel Battie.
BOLER—Nov. 4, William R. Boler, aged 29.
FEAD—Nov. 4, J. S. Fead, aged 51.

Romano Art Pottery
From SWITZERLAND.
A Choice Selection Just to Hand
ROYAL DRESDEN
From the MEISSEN Factory.
A Few Pieces in White and Gold
WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY
China Fired Daily on the Premises.
WILLIAM JUNOR
109 King Street West, Toronto

REMEMBER!
H. S. MORISON & CO.
Are going out of business, and being anxious to clear out their stock in the shortest possible time are offering prices regardless of cost or value.
216 & 218 Yonge St.

LADIES' FURS

This department contains all the leading novelties of the present season, and as Furs of all descriptions are now so popular, and surely nothing could be more conducive to the comfort of ladies, we have laid ourselves out to meet all the requirements of the same.
NOTE THE FOLLOWING—Baltic Seal Storm Collar and Muff, $6.50, $7.50 and $9.50 the set.
Blue Opossum Collar and Muff, $7.50 the set.
Moscow Beaver Collar and Muff, $9.50 the set.
Sable Collar and Muff, $12.50, $15 and 22 the set.
CAPES WITH STORM COLLARS
Oppossum, $15; Astrachan, $9.50, $12; Sable, $15, $22 anp $35; Beaver, $20, $30, $35 and $40.
Muffs and Storm Collars in all the leading Furs from $1.25 up. We are selling a S. S. Seal Satchel Muff for $4.75
R. WALKER & SONS
33, 35 and 37 King St. East; 8, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

THE FALL TRADE
Has opened up in great form at the EMPORIUM AROUND THE CORNER, which is the address of H. A. Collins, who has now the best assorted stock of Housefurnishings, in Stoves, Ranges, Silverware, Lamp Goods, Tinware and every other description of housekeeping goods and novelties in the city, and altogether "Around the Corner" is better known than any other establishment in the same line of business.
H. A. COLLINS & CO.
6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West
OPP. GRAND OPERA HOUSE

TAKE A REST YOUNG MAN
Our machines are doing the work.
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